THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LX··· Historical Society ··· J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor. $1.50 per year in advance

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, MARCH 27th, 1928.

"SALADA" TEA

Dark-skinned natives—glowing sunlight—cool mountain tops—great ships ploughing through tropic seas—these things all come to mind when a cup of "SALADA" is steaming before you. Such flavour—such fragrance. Try "SALADA".

Surveying and Engineering

T. H. WIGGINS, O.L.S.

Ontario Land Surveyor.
Municipal Engineering.
Drainage Engineering.
Subdivisions, Plans, Etc.

NAPANEE, ONT.

John Street,
South of Paisley House.
Phone 385. Box 139.

15tf

INSURANCE

For Fire Insurance try
ALFRED McCUTCHEON,
Robtin.

A number of companies to choose from.
Office :
Residence, Roblin, Main Street.
27-tf

DECORATING

Interior and Exterior Decorating, Paper Hanging and Graining.
FRED RUSSELL
'Phone 406. East Street.

DOXSEE & CO.

Millinery
SPRING SHOWING

Weekly Display of
French and American Trimmed Hats

Including copies of these models and exclusive designs from our own work room.

LADIES' SCARFS

in Crepe de Chene and Georgette, printed designs, three cornered and squares.

HOSIERY AND SILK LINGERIE
A SPECIALTY

The Leading Millinery House

Easter Toggery
New Ready-to-Wear Suits and Top Coats.
New Hats, Caps and Shoes
New Shirts, Collars and Ties
New Spring Suits & Top Coats
Tailored to your measure
—at—
$19.75 and up to $45
W.W.ADAMS
Merchant Tailor.
Men's and Boys' Wear
Newburgh, - Ont.

NOTICE TO DOG OWNERS

The Revised Statutes of Ontario, Chapter 300, Section 4, sub-section 5, reads as folows:

"Every dog which is found off the premises upon which it is habitually kept without a tag and not under the control of any person, may be killed."

This is to notify all dog owners that this clause of the Act will be enforced, and on and after the 1st day of April, A.D., 1928, any dog found running at large in the streets or public places of Napanee, in contravention of the foregoing section of the Act, is liable to be destroyed without further notice to the owner.

March 20th, 1928.

F. W. BARRETT,
Chief Constable.

16-b

Roll wrapping, cotton twine in cones.
EXPRESS PRINTING OFFICE.

FOR SALE—200 fence posts. Apply to C. H. SPENCER. 16a

WANTED—At once a first class motor mechanic. Apply to McFARLANE'S GARAGE, East street. 18-a

FOR SALE—5000 ft. of 1-inch pine lumber, also 100 swamp cedar pickets. Apply to RANDALL McQUAIG, Selby. 16-cp

MAPLE SYRUP WANTED — Would like to buy about 400 gallons of A No. 1 syrup, for which I am willing to pay $1.25 per gallon at the bush. Apply Drawer 180, Napanee.

FOR SALE — Desirable frome house, 8 rooms, large garden, furnace, electric light, water, garage, fruit trees and bushes. Apply on premises, Centre street. D. L. GREEN. 13-tf

MONEY—Somebody lost money in the County of Hastings. If they will advertise it in this paper and in the Deseronto Post, when and where, and how much they lost, they might recover it 15-dp

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

WANTED—We have a few used cars in good condition for sale. Would take horses or cattle of any kind in exchange. Bring on your live stock. PAULS GARAGE. Phone 198. 10

SALE OF USED CARS—Some nearly new. Closed cars at great bargain prices. Come in and see them before you buy elsewere. You can surely save money. At CARD'S GARAGE. 37-tf

WANTED TO BUY—Old furniture over fifty years old, by private buyer interested in antiques, also old china, glass, silver and needlework. Those having any of the above, call at this Office for information. Replies strictly confidential. 18-cp

HOUSE FOR SALE—The home of the late Mrs. Florence Gay Ostrom, frame, good repair, electric light, water service, full lot, good garden soil, Piety Hill, Napanee. Apply to N. M. WILSON, Napanee, Solicitor for the Vendor. 48-tf

AGENTS WANTED—Either sex. $75 weekly easy selling PALCO CLEANERS, WASHO, POLISHRITE. Cleans everything right. Removes Road Tar without injury to paint. Sells on demonstration. Samples free. P. A. LEFEBVRE & Co., Alexandria, Ont.

FOR SALE OR RENT—Or would exchange for town property. The west half of lot thirteen in the fifth concession of Richmond, containing one hundred acres of good land, about one mile and a half west of Selby. There is a good house, barn and other out buildings thereon. It is well watered and plenty of wood. Schoolhouse on east part of same lot. Rural mail and telephone. Can have immediate possession. Apply to MRS. C. A. KNAPP, R.M.D., Selby, Ont. 16-d

FARM FOR SALE

A good tillable farm of 145 acres, well watered, good buildings, convenient to school, cheese factory and church. Two miles from Napanee, known as the Mooney farm, situated on Hamburg road. A quick sale for cash. Apply to DAN MOONEY, on premises. R. R. 2. Tel. ring 51. 18-bp

;NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Persons having claims against the estate of John Sidney Aylesworth, late of the Township of Richmond, in the County of Lennox and Addington, civil engineer, deceased, are required to send particulars and proofs thereof to the undersigned Solicitor for the estate before the 3rd day of April, 1928, after which date the assets will be distributed to the parties entitled thereto, pursuant to the provisions of Section 51 of Chapter 150 R.S.O. 1927.

Dated March 5th, 1928.

W. G. WILSON,
Solicitor for Administrators. 15-d

If you want results use the Classified Adv. Column in The Napanee Express.

W. E. SINCLAIR'S ADDRESS IN THE LEGISLATURE

After congratulatory remarks to the Mover and Seconder of the Address, a reference to the Hollinger Mine disaster, a reference to the visit of the Prince of Wales, Prince George and Premier Baldwin, during the Diamond Jubilee year, and a tribute to the life and work of the Earl of Oxford, who was reported as seriously ill, Mr. Sinclair dealt with matters contained in the Speech from the Throne. He said that it was a wonderful production, being an Ontario annual review, a case of the Government praising the Government. He compared it to Old Mother Hubbard, with "nothing in the cupboard." Reference was made to the Interprovincial Conference which the Speech from the Throne stated had been called by the Federal authority. This Government seems to resent the fact that the Conference had been called by the Federal Government, and no reference was made to it in the Speech from the Throne. The Premier had given an interview when the Conference was over, indicating that he had not much satisfaction out of the Conference.

The Speech from the Throne dealt with the Constitutional question. Mr. Sinclair said that if Premier Ferguson wished to adhere to the old idea of the Colonial status, he might do so. Premier Meighen had done that and the Federal election of 1926 had gone against him. British statesmen, visiting Canada during Jubilee year, had all recognized the new status. The Imperial Conference had made it abundantly plain that in the process of evolution, a new status had been acquired. Canada had become one of the self-governing nations within the British Empire. The people of Canada wanted something more than a loyalty cry. They wanted the true loyalty which is an endeavor to build up a Canada, governing itself, but governing itself in conjunction with, and under the authority of the British Crown. If the right to amend the Constitution did not exist, then how could this Legislature have 112 members, when the B.N.A. said it should have 90 members? How could the Legislature continue for five years, as it did from 1914 to 1919 when the B.N.A. Act stated that it should last only four years? The Legislature had the right to amend its constitution in those instances and therefore the mention in he Speech from the Throne that the Government stood by the pact of Confederation, was idle talk put in the Speech only for political effect, in order to cultivate a loyalty cry.

The Speech from the Throne had referred to Constitutional rights of the Province in its water powers. Mr. Sinclair asked who was invading these constitutional rights. The Premier has admitted there is some doubt about the rights, and had employed three lawyers to give an opinion. Since that time the Premier had done nothing, but insinuates that someone is infringing on Provincial rights. Mr. Sinclair stated that if this Government would give us a true Ontario, non-political policy, in this matter, and give leadership, the Opposition and everyone will back them. It is not a matter in which political issues enter, but a matter in which every citizen should be vitally interested.

Reference was also made in the Speech from the Throne to the Ontario Research. This was a move by Premier Ferguson, not to be outdone by the Federal Government, which has already advanced considerably with a research movement. Unless the Provincial Research is in co-operation with the Federal Research, it will be of little avail. There is really no necessity for a Provincial Research when the Federal Government has taken it up. Ontario will have to pay its share of the Federal Research and it will have to pay the entire cost of the Provincial Research, so that to satisfy the vanity of Premier Ferguson, the people of Ontario are asked to assume a double burden.

In looking about for reasons for the "Empty cupboard," Mr. Sinclair said that the whole policy of the Government for four years was in the Election platform of 1926. There was then, 1. Bribery by a promise of 500 miles of highway. 2. Bribery by a promise of $5.00 off motor licenses. 3. Bribery by income tax exemption increase. 4. Bribery by exempt tax reduction. 5. Bribery by unborn Liquor Control Act. The Government had announced its whole program for the Parliamentary term at the general election. Other Governments discuss their policies in the House and go to the country. This Government announces its policies apart from the House and then goes to the county.

Another why "the cupboard was bare" was that the Cabinet think they can do the work of the Legislature. The Ontario Gazette has become a Government journal, and the Session is practically over before the Speech from the Throne is published. On December 10th the Budget Speech appeared; on December 17th, the Minister of Mines gave a summary; on December 24th, the Christmas Number, the Premier gave his Research; on December 31st, the New Year's Number, the Minister of Highways had outlined his Department; on January 7th, the Chairman of the T. & N. O. Railway gave his report; on January 14th, when the Ministers were absent on holiday, short items appeared; on January 21st, the T. & N. O. Railway again occupied space, and some short news items; on January 28th, the Hydro Electric Power Commission gave a report; on February 4th a lot of special late matter. Even the Globe became jealous and wrote an editorial satirising the new method of journalism adopted by the Government. It has its advantages from the Government standpoint, because the Ministers can make their speeches with little or no effort. A little further along the same line and the Government can send the members their checks and save them coming to the Legislature at all.

Another reason why the "cupboard was bare" might be that the great Conservative Convention at Winnipeg, where the Premier of this Province received such a rough reception, had had an effect upon the Premier that he felt that he could not undertake heavy work.

Another reason why the "cupboard is bare" is that the Government has a Bowling Alley in the East Block, placed there at a cost of $7,445.00. The Bowling Alley is for whom? Cabinet Ministers? Members of the Legislature? Civil service? The Province of Ontario in 1904, had spent on $6,000,000 a year, but they had no Bowling Alley then. Discussion has arisen about the name of the Building. Mr. Sinclair suggested that it, should not be called the Whitney Block, or the Henry Block, or the East Block, but it should be called the Bowling Alley Block.

He also referred to the luxurious apartment which had been provided for the Ministers, out of the public funds of the Province. The offices are finer than those of the Chief Executive's of large corporations.

Reference was made to the Strong Man. The Premier had spoken at Newmarket on October 30th, 1926, when he had a vision in view. He admitted to Mr. Sinclair that it was Mr. Hanna. When Mr. Sinclair read Mr. Hanna's interview, the Premier tried to get away from his admission. Mr. Sinclair criticized the salary of $20,000.00 for the

(Continued on page 5)

McGreer's Phone 226
Cash and Service Grocery
Dundas St. Napanee

Watch our Weekly Specials
That Little Store that Sells a Little Cheaper.

W. ROY McGREER

WANTED.

Tenders by County of Lennox and Addington for two used stone crushers to be taken on purchase two new portable crushers, 10 x 20 type. Sealed tenders addressed to County Clerk, Napanee, on or before MARCH 31st, 1928, by 12.30 p.m. No tenders necessarily accepted. Old crushers may be inspected on application to T. V. ANDERSON, County Road Superintendent, Napanee. 18-a

TENDERS.

Sealed tenders will be received by the undersigned, Secretary of Public School Section No. 15, North Fredericksburg, not later than noon Saturday, April 7th, for the erection of a one class room public school. Plans and specifications may be obtained from the undersigned and at the office of Thomson and Johnson, Architects, 224 Front Street, Belleville.

The lowest or any tender will not necessarily be accepted.

FRANK McCABE,
Secretary S. S. 15,
North Fredericksburg,
P. O. Box 277, Napanee, Ont.
18-a

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the matter of the Bulk Sales Act.

All persons having claims against GRANT L. PAUL, carrying on business as PAUL'S BOOKSTORE in the Town of Napanee, in the County of Lennox and Addington, are required to send same, verified by affidavit, to Uriah Morley Wilson, of the said Town of Napanee, Solicitor, on or before the 1st day of May, A.D., 1928.

The said business has been sold and proceeds of the sale will be divided after the said date amongst those creditors whose claims have been filed.

Dated at Napanee, Ontario, March 23rd, 1928.

U. M. WILSON,
Trustee.
18-d

W. M. S. MEETINGS

MOSCOW W. M. S.

On Wednesday evening, March 14th, an open meeting of the Moscow W.M.S. was held at the home of Mrs. Calvin Allen. There was a good number of members present as well as a number of visitors. Mrs. Laverne Huffman had charge of the program. The meeting was opened by singing, "Fair and Near the Fields are Teeming With the Waves of Ripening Grain." Mrs. L. McLaren read the Scripture reading and Mrs. A. Huffman the Devotional Leaflet. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted. Mrs. A. Baker and Mrs. W. A. Benn gave very interesting readings. The president, Mrs. A. Baker, took charge of the business part of the meeting. There was a discussion on when to have the Enterprise ladies put on their pageant, "The Challenge of the Cross," in the church.

Mrs. Lyall Milsap rendered a vocal solo and Mrs. Everett Evans and Miss Evelyn Potter an instrumental duet. Mrs. E. J. Judge was put in to prepare the program for April meeting, at the home of Mrs. L. McLaren. We were all pleased on getting three new members. The meeting was closed by the Mizpah Benediction, after which a dainty lunch was served by the hostess and a number of the ladies.

WILTON W. M. S.

The regular monthly meeting of the Wilton W. M. S. was held at the home of Mrs. J. Babcock on Wednesday, March 21st. The program committee, Mrs. J. Frink and Mrs. E. Perry, had charge of the meeting, which was opened by singing hymn 84 in the Canadian Hymnal. Mrs Frink led the Scripture reading responsively, which was taken from the 14th chapter of John. The minutes of the last meeting wereread and approved, also the treasurer's report. The Stranger's secretary gave a wonderful report of fruit and flowers sent to the sick in the neighborhood and hospitals, also letters written and post card showers given. We plan on a "Letter Shower" Friday, March 23rd, for Mr. Carter Davidson, who has been ill for some weeks in the Hotel Dieu. A reading was given by Miss Greta Asselstine, called "The Conversion of Aunt Susan," followed by one from Mrs. W. Amey, "Shut in But Not ShutOut." Two verses from hymn 157 were sung. The offering was taken and the "Travelling Basket" was passed by the Stranger's Secretary. The meeting closed by repeating the Mizpah Benediction

MORVEN W. M. S.

The W.M.S. met at the home of Mrs. E. Miller on Wednesday afternoon, with the president, Mrs. A. Winters, in the chair. Mrs. A. Winters read portions of the 5th chapter of Matthew and applied them to our every-day life. Prayer by the president was followed by the usual routine of business. Mrs. C. L. Sharp read an interesting article, and also pronounced our allocations $75. Plans for meeting same were discussed, also plans for our Easter meeting. Mrs. E. Miller rendered a piano solo in the dusk light of all. Mrs. J. F. Lake read a very strong appeal for Christian stewardship of money prayer and service. Other readings were given by Mesdames Merrick, Jackson, Withers and Sharp. The closing prayer was made by the honorary president, Mrs. C. L. Sharp.

TAMWORTH.

The weather has turned warm and the roads are in a very bad shape.

Everyone was sorry to hear of the death of Mr. C. G. Coxall, who passed away after many months of sickness, in his 78th year.

Miss Euphemia Williams has returned to Kingston, after spending a few days at her home here.

Mr. Carl Bell, of Kingston, is spending a few days with his father-in-law, Mr. Charlie Williams.

The United Church Mission Band held a driving party on Wednesday evening. They went for a drive and later had refreshments and spent the balance of the evening in games and music.

Mrs. Jessie Williams is confined to her bed and her many friends hope for a speedy recovery.

Miss Irene McLaughlin, teacher for the intermediate room, is also confined to her bed with a bad cold.

The Tamworth Creamery received a car load of coal on Monday evening and it was unloaded as soon as possible.

The sap is running and many farmers have tapped their trees and report a good run so far this season.

Mr. R. C. Moss is busy in his saw mill.

Beautify your Home.

Use Martin-Senour 100% Pure Paints and Varnishes. Walls, floor paints, also brushing Lacquers, dries in 30 minutes. A complete stock of colors in all lines. Brushes, oils and glass. Prompt delivery. Phone 138.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Special Low Prices at Kimmerly's
Red Clover, Alsyke, Alfalfa, Timothy, and Sweet Clover

SEEN FROM THE SIDELINES

The plea for basketball in this column last week brought some good results, for the challenge contained therein was immediately accepted by the team which has been representing the town. The town team was considerably strengthened with the addition of Carr and Aikenbrack, the defence in particular working much better than in a long time.

The game was played on Friday night in the armouries, and was quite interesting. Being arranged on the spur of the moment, no advertising was done, and there were but a few spectators, but it was far more interesting than many of the league games of the winter.

The new team, who have adopted the name of "Royals," and who expect to be attached to "B" Company of the Frontenac Regiment, have a capable lot of players. Several of them, moreover, are playing the game for the first time, Reid, Bird, Bar-ard, and Black Their play was, of course, a bit ragged, but that was due to the fact that they are a newly formed team, and with plenty of games to play they would make a creditable showing in the circles.

The first period ended with the Royals in the lead 6-2. During the second period they increased their score by six points, holding their opponents scoreless, and the final score was 16-7 in their favor.

The Town team consisted of Powell, Carr, McDonald, Wartman and Aikenbrack, while the Royals were Perry, Cavanaugh, Stewart, Reid, Daverin, Ballard and Black.

The town players were not convinced by this game that the Royals were the better team, so a return game was played on Monday night.

The Royals seemed much more certain in their playing in the second encounter, and the defence of Perry and Cavanaugh was well nigh perfect. While their forwards were amassing 10 points in the first period, they held the town scoreless. The Town team was at its best in the second period, when they got four points, all by Wartman, to the Royals two, but in the last stanza the Royals increased their lead again, the final score being 22-6.

Having thus defeated the Town twice, the Royals are laying claim to the town championship, and would be glad of an elimination game to finally decide their right to the claim. They are anxious to play the teams from the school, which, as has been mentioned, is also doing so well in interscholastic games this year, under the tutelage of Mr. Murray.

Another local writer regrets the fact that it is difficult for all small town to produce winning teams, as the best coaches gravitate to the big centres. This is quite correct, but he need not worry, for in Wallace Perry, Napanee has an expert Basketball coach, as has been seen by the way he has taken half a dozen more or less inexperienced players and made in so short a time a team which can win games

* * *

On Thursday night the annual meeting of the Bay of Quinte Softball League will be held at the Y.M.C.A. in Belleville. All entries are required to have their delegation present at the annual meeting, so it is hoped that all the Napanee girls will arrange to be present. Some of the last year's players are still available, including the Douglas sisters, Johnston, Stinson, Grass and O'Neil. It will be hard to find players, however, to take the places of Ruth Dickson and Lillian Wagar. Let us hope for the best.

ADOLPHUSTOWN.

Considerable interest was evinced in the lawsuit which took place between A. M. Bogart and the township. Mr. Bogart accepted the office of tax collector from the 1927 council without his salary being definitely stated. Not having the taxes all collected at the end of the year, he appeared before the 1928 council. They accepted the roll and tendered him an order for the customary salary of $50. This Mr. Bogart considered demanding in addition his expenses, which he claimed amounted to $49. At the sitting of court held in Adolphustown, Judge Madden, Judge Madden sustained the council's award, Mr. Bogart to pay the costs of the court.

The pretty wedding was solemnized in St. Alban's church on Wednesday afternoon when Miss Annie Lewis became the bride of Mr. Herbert Purdon Beard. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. Strothers in the presence of the immediate relatives of the contracting parties.

Mrs. George Smith is visiting her sister at Watertown, N.Y.

COMING :-: EVENTS

A CHILD WELFARE CLINIC FOR the pre-school child is held each Thursday, from 2 to 4, in the Council Chamber, under the direction of the Victorian Order of Nurses. 46-tf

PRESENTATION AND ADDRESS

At a regular meeting of Napanee Lodge No. 86, I.O.O.F., held on Tuesday evening last, a very very pleasant event took place. Prof. W. T. Baird was made the recipient of a handsome black leather music portfolio, accompanied by an appropriate address. He has been lodge pianist for a good many years and his services have been much appreciated by the members.

Following is a copy of the address :

Napanee, Mar. 19th, 1928.

Prof. W. T. Baird,

Napanee, Ontario.

Dear Sir and Brother :—

The officers and members of Napanee Lodge No. 86, I.O.O.F., congratulate you upon your engagement as organist and choir leader of St. John's United Church, Stratford, a promotion which we trust will prove of inestimable value to yourself and family.

While co-operation with us during your membership in our Lodge has been greatly appreciated, your interest has stimulated your brethren in the work of Oddfellowship and your services, as pianist, have given an added zest to our meetings. We are pleased in this connection with you that you have a keen appreciation of high standards and you have by your example assisted in maintaining them in our Lodge.

It is with keen regret we bid you farewell, but we hope in the larger sphere of city life you will make as many warm friends as you have made in Napanee, where, not only in Lodge and Church circles, but in the community you have given valuable assistance wherever you had the opportunity to do so.

We extend our best wish to yourself and your family through the journey of life and hope your associations with Napanee and our Brotherhood will occasion very pleasant memories in your future.

We ask you to accept this portfolio as a slight token of our fraternal regard, and wish you God speed.

Signed on behalf of Napanee Lodge No. 86, I.O.O.F.

JAS. McGILLIVRAY,
Noble Grand.

F. W. BARRETT,
Recording Sec'y.

The congregation of Trinity Church gathered in the school room at the close of the choir practice on Thursday evening to bid God speed to Prof. Baird and family. The Rev. Harry Pawson presided over the meeting, and spoke very fittingly of the happy relations that have existed in the past twelve years between congregation and organist, and of the devotional and masterly manner in which the service of praise has always been conducted by Prof. Baird.

After a short programme the address which follows was read by Mr. U. M. Wilson, chairman of the music committee, who also spoke of the past years of good fellowship with Prof. Baird. Mr. A. F. LaSalle, president of the choir, presented Prof. Baird with a handsome cheque and a beautiful hand bag was given on behalf of the choir members, by Mrs. F. Herrington.

Prof. Baird, in a few well chosen words, thanked the congregation for their splendid gift, and appreciative words, and expressed for both Mrs. Baird and himself regret in leaving so many loyal friends.

Refreshments were served, and after singing "Blest Be the Tie That Binds," the meeting closed with many handshakes and good wishes.

Prof. Baird leaves on Wednesday to take up his new duties in Stratford.

The address follows :

Professor W. T. Baird,

Organist Trinity United Church.

Before you discontinue your association with Trinity Church, your many friends desire to mark their sense of the service you have rendered as organist, choir leader and director of all musical events in the church and Sunday school.

We especially desire to express our admiration our your great accomplishments as an organist. The church services in the past ten years would have been immeasurably poorer without the service of praise, which you have always led and interpreted, with such skill, and reverence and beauty.

Your removal from Napanee means the impoverishment of those forces in the community, which have been there the cultivation of public taste in the greatest of all arts—the art of music; and those who know the exalted pleasure which may be derived from the concord of sweet sounds will ever recall your artistry with gratitude.

That you may be successful in your vocation, both in St. John's Church and the musical life of the city of Stratford, and that life's best, both for yourself and your wife and family, is yet to be, is the sincere hope of the congregation of Trinity Church.

Signed,

Harry Pawson, Minister.
U. M. Wilson, Chairman Music Committee.
A. F. LaSalle, President of Choir.
C. L. Graham, S. S. Supt.

FRIENDLY cushions, fashioned with the comfort of an easy chair, invite relaxation as your McLaughlin-Buick sweeps smoothly along.

Comfort that invites Relaxation

In the designing of McLaughlin-Buick for 1928, riding ease and comfort have been given unusual consideration. Lovejoy Shock absorbers on all four wheels absorb and cushion every road-shock and rebound. Rubber Engine Mountings prevent vibration from reaching the car-body. Extra deep, resilient seat cushions, beautifully upholstered, are specially shaped and tailored to fit, like an easy chair. The lower body-lines have been attained without any sacrifice of headroom. And in finish and appointments, McLaughlin-Buick establishes a standard of luxury which vies with your drawing-room or club.

The G.M.A.C. Deferred Payment Plan offers many advantages to buyers of McLaughlin-Buick cars.

McLAUGHLIN -BUICK 1928

M-2320-C

ROBT. McFARLAND,
Dealer, - Napanee, Ont.

When Better Automobiles are Built—McLaughlin-Buick Will Build Them

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY REV. C. G. TRUMBULL.
(Editor of The Sunday School Times).

JESUS THE SUFFERING MESSIAH.

Sunday, April 1—Mark 8 : 27 to 9 : 1; 10 : 32-52; 10 : 32-34.

Golden Text—Whosoever will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me. (Mark 8 : 34).

It seems strange that devout Jews, who were Christ's own disciples, well instructed in the Old Testament Scriptures, could have missed so completely the clear declarations in their Scriptures that their Messiah, when He came must be a suffering Messiah. Could anything be clearer than Isaiah 53 ? "Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows ; yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities : the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed.....For He was cut off out of the land of the living : for the transgression of my people was He stricken. And He made His grave with the wicked, and with the rich in His death." The whole of Isaiah 53 should be read aloud in class. A Scofield Reference Bible will enable one to trace the many Old Testament predictions of the suffering Messiah, commencing at Genesis 4; 4, and continuing throughout Old Testament and New. The entire Old Testament ritual of blood sacrifice of animals was preparing God's people to recognize the Passover Lamb when He came, and how they failed to recognize Him !

But when the Lord asked His disciples what the people were saying about Him, as to who He was, and then who the disciples said He was, the ringing declaration of Peter was in blessed contrast with the mistakes of men. Others were saying that Christ was John the Baptist, or Elijah, or one of the prophets. Peter, speaking for the disciples, said ; "Thou art the Christ;" Christ means "Anointed One," or Messiah. The fuller account of this great confession, and of our Lord's comment on it, is found in Matthew 16 : 13-20, which should be studied here. Our Lord made it plain that it was not Peter's insight or philosophical mind, as some are saying today, that enabled him to recognize the Messiah. God had arbitrarily revealed the truth to Peter. It was no credit to Peter ; the credit was all God's.

Only an inner circle could be trusted with the knowledge of the identity of Christ at this time. As before, the Lord "charged them that they should tell no man of Him." And then, when they knew who Jesus of Nazareth really was, He could begin to tell them that He "must suffer many things, and be rejected of the elders, and of the chief priests and scribes, and be killed, and after three days rise again."

They would not stand this. Like those who pride themselves today on having the "modern mind," which is the mind Satan had and gave to Eve in the Garden of Eden when he questioned God's Word, "the offense of the cross" (Gal. 5 : 11) was too much for Simon Peter. Having just confessed that Jesus was the Christ, the Son of the living God, Peter proceeded to correct Him ! It seems unthinkable—yet is it not what we all do when we protest against God's dealings with us ?

It is not to be wondered at that the Lord gave Peter the severest rebuke that could be uttered: "Get thee behind Me, Satan." He then identified Satan's teachings with the eachings of men in general : "for thou savorest not the things that be of God, but the things that be of men." Satan is indeed "the god of this world" (II. Cor. 2 : 4), and unsaved men are following him. Whoever questions the substitutionary blood atonement of Christ is an "echo man" for Satan.

Why should Christ have to suffer ? Was it merely because the Jews would not accept His teachings and compromise Him as their Messiah ? Was it because He was a martyr, laying down His life because of His witness to the truth and His love for God ? Was it merely in order to show forth the love of God for men ?

No, all these ideals of the suffering Messiah, the atonement of Christ, the meaning of Calvary, are superficial and worse : they contradict and reject the Scriptures. Christ suffered not as a martyr, under the blessing of God : He suffered as the sin-bearer under the curse of God. His death on Calvary did indeed show how much God loves sinners ; but equally it showed how much God hates sin. Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us" (Gal. 3 : 13). We should make sure the class understands this Scripture, and also I. Peter 2: 24 and II. Corinthians 5 : 21. The wages of sin is death" (Rom. 6 : 23), and, because God is a righteous God, either all sinners must die eternally or a substitute must suffer in their stead. The suffering Messiah, the Lamb of God, is that Substitute.

Then our Lord went on to show that "Whosoever will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me." Christ died to our sins on the cross. We have the wonderful privilege, through His death, of dying to our own sins on the cross. Sin and self are our worst enemies. Our only safety is in goin gto the cross, taking up our cross, and there dying in order that sin may have no power over us. This is not a hardship; it is an unspeakable blessing. It is fully brought out in Romans 6, which should be studied with this lesson. Those who have received Christ as Saviour have been "crucified with Him, that the body of sin might be done away, henceforth we should not serve sin." For he that is dead is freed from sin" (Rom. 6:6,7). People talk about the cross as though it were a trial ; and about their various trials and hardships as crosses. There is only one cross, never crosses, for the Christian. It is Christ's cross, our joyous place and privilege of freedom from the power of sin. The Golden Text for this lesson might have included Galations 2 : 20 : "I am crucified with Christ ; nevertheless I live : yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

COUNTY COUNCIL

Council met in the Council Chamber, in the Court House, for the March session, on Tuesday afternoon. Warden A. C. Tummon presiding.

Rev. Mr. Balstone, of Selby, opened the session with prayer.

Capt. Hughson, Secretary of the Napanee Poultry Association, appeared before the Council on behalf of the Association, asking for a grant to aid the Association in buying coops to furnish the additions to be built to the poultry house at the Lennox Fair. The Association is going to make an effort to greatly improve the exhibits of poultry at the Lennox Fair.

On motion of Messrs. Johnson and Elliott, the Association was granted $100 in aid of their efforts.

Mr. E. J. Corkill, Inspector of Public Schools, presented his annual report, which was read, and on motion received and filed.

Mr. Loyst and the Reeve of Ernesttown reported re the wig wag at Ernesttown Station, suggesting a change in height and the removing of a house obstructing the view.

On motion of Messrs. Cousins and Smith, a copy of the report was ordered forwarded to the Canadian National Railway.

Mr. Carscallen presented the By-law, to equalize the assessment.

Mr. Clark moved, seconded by Mr. Both, that consideration of the By-law be left over until Wednesday morning. Motion carried.

On motion Council adjourned for the benefit of the Roads Commission and Finance Committee.

The Special Roads Committee reported the contractor's tenders received for the proposed paving and building of County Roads this year.

The Committee recommended that an asphalt and gravel finished road be built from Tamworth southerly two miles, and from the town limits 1½ miles on the River Road in North Fredericksburgh, as a cost of $10,000. The Committee also asked the consent of the Council to rebuild the present crushers or buy new ones.

The road programme as outlined would cost over $185,000, and to which must be added $48,000 for maintainance.

Wednesday.

Mr. Paxton, of the Globe Indemnity Co., was heard in reference to Indemnity insurance on County Roads.

On motion of Mr. Aylesworth and Mr. Johnson, the Council renewed the indemnity of the Globe Indemnity Co. for 1928. The total payments for indemnity in 1927 were $462.90, and the cost in 1928 will be $412.13.

The Equalization By-law was taken up.

The By-law was read a first time, and Council went into Committee of the Whole, on the second reading of the By-law.

Mr. Boyes moved, seconded by Mr. Clark, that Napanee's equalized assessment be increased by $212,275.00. Motion lost.

The By-law was read a third time, and finally passed.

The first and second reports of the Special Roads Committee, were again read, and discussed.

On motion the reports of the Special Roads Committee was adopted.

Council adjourned for the benefit of the Finance Committee.

The Finance Committee reported recommending that in order to carry out the programme of the Roads Committee, it will be necessary to borrow, by debentures, $100,000, and that the County rate be fixed at 15 mills. Motion adopted.

A By-law to provide for expenditure on County Roads was introduced. The blanks were filled in with $200,000.00 for construction, and $60,000.00 for maintainance, was put through its various stages, and finally passed.

On motion the Warden and Clerk were authorized to execute all contracts for road construction approved by the Special County Roads Commission.

On motion the Secretary of the Finance Committee and the Reeve of Adolphustown were authorized to arrange for the transportation of two of the Scott children who are wards of the Mothers' Allowance Commission, to their aunt in Victoria, B.C., who proposes to adopt the children.

Thursday.

Mr. Laughland, representative of the Ontario Department of Agriculture, addressed the Council in reference to school fairs, and the work of the local office.

On motion the usual grant was made to the school fairs.

Mr. Waite, Manager of the Dominion Bank branch, appeared before the Council in reference to the bonds to be issued by the County, and the advances necessary for road construction.

A representative of the Dominion Road Machinery Co., Gait, addressed the Council in reference to road machinery.

Mr. Robt. Saul, Camden East, appeared before the Council in reference to adding the road from Camden East south to the County System. Also asking for repairs on this road.

A representative of the Canada Ingot Iron Co., Guelph, appeared before the Council in reference to road graders and culverts.

Copy of petition from the County of Wentworth, re Provincial Highways' cost, was ordered filed.

The Clerk reported in reference to the visit of the Warden and Clerk to Toronto, in reference to senile patients in Government institutions. Filed.

The Warden was given a vote of thanks for the group photograph presented to each member.

It was moved Mr. Elliott, seconded by Mr. Johnson, that the matter of the care of senile patients be forwarded to the local Members, urging them to use their influence to have the Provincial Government provide convalescent homes for this class of patients.

A communication and memorial from the County of Haldimand, asking a reduction in the cost to Counties of the proportion payable for highway construction, was filed.

A communication from the County of Dufferin, re re-foresting and cutting of Christmas trees. Filed.

A communication from Peter Pennell, Marlbank, No. 1, re a culvert, which drains his land, was referred to the Roads Committee.

A resolution was passed that all pedlars, who have not taken out licenses, be reported to the High County Constable for action.

On motion the Township of Denbigh was given a special grant of three hundred dollars to assist the Township in building two bridges.

The report of M. R. Reid, Inspector of Public Schools of North Addington, and Frontenac, was read. Received and ordered published in the Minutes.

A communication from the Minister of Education, re Continuation Schools. Referred to Education Committee to reply.

A communication from A. H. Stafford, Detroit, asking information re industrial minerals. Filed.

Mr. Waite was heard, re County's proposed County debentures.

On motion the issue of debentures will be made at once at 4½%.

The County Property Committee reported the improvements already made in the Court House, and cost thereof, and recommended payment of balances due contractors for the work, and the Committee services of the members of the County Property Committee.

The Committee also recommended further improvements to halls and committee room. Report adopted.

The Finance Committee reported, recommending that the road debentures be issued at once at 4½%, and that the debentures be sold to the Dominion Bank at the price offered by the local manager, Mr. Waite.

Friday.

Mr. Both presented the report of the Education and Printing Committee, which was on motion adopted.

A communication from Mr. Black to Mr. Cousins, re road from Camden East being added to County Roads.

A copy of the release and evidence respecting the McGill claim for damages against the County, was presented and filed.

A By-law to raise $100.000 for road construction purposes, was introduced, given its three readings, and finally passed.

A By-law to borrow $130,000 from the Dominion Bank, for road construction, to be repaid by the Government subsidy for roads, was introduced, given its three readings, and finally passed. The rate of interest for this loan will be 5½%.

Council adjourned for fifteen minutes for the benefit of Roads Committee.

Mr. J. E. Clark addressed the Council in reference to the repairs necessary for the County crushers.

A discussion took place in reference to whether the County would buy two new crushers or repair the old ones.

On motion the Council authorized the Roads Committee to purchase two new crushers.

Ex-Warden Johnston Hannah and Mr. Brown addressed the Council in reference to the Addington Agricultural Society.

On motion the grants to Agricultural Fairs were fixed at the same amount as last year.

On motion of Messrs. Cousins and Aylesworth, Addington Fair was given a special grant of $200.00.

On motion, the Clerk was authorized to advertise the issue of debentures to the amount of $20,000, for ordinary expenses of the County.

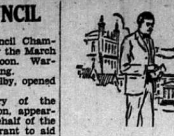
On motion the Clerk was authorized to purchase a typewriter for use in his office.

On motion, the Village of Bath was granted the use of the County scarifier.

A number of accounts were presented and passed, or referred to committees.

Hard and soft cut wood for sale. 'Phone 53.

ROBT. LIGHT.
4atf



It seems hardly fair

Fathers and mothers used to look forward bravely, but not always happily, to the time when the boys and girls would go away to school in a distant city. It so often meant a break in the habits of home life—a sore trial.

Thanks to Long Distance—the boys and girls at school or college can still be kept within the family circle.

But don't expect them to pay for Long Distance calls out of their slender allowances. That seems hardly fair. The demands upon their none too fat purses are too frequent and too insistent.

Fix a day and hour when you will call them, and you'll find them eager to talk with you and welcoming the voice that can best cheer them on their way.

"Every Bell Telephone is a Long Distance Station."

705

HOW DEATH VALLEY WAS NAMED

BY ERWIN GREER
(President Greer School of Electrical & Automotive Trades, Chicago, Ill)

The name "Death Valley" was not conjured up by a poetic imagination as many California names have been, but commemorates a tragic incident in the American settlement of California, according to Phil Townsend Hanna, the writer.

Briefly the story is something like this :

A large group of California-bound emigrants were encamped near Salt Lake City in the late fall of 1849. The tale of the Donner party was still fresh in the minds of the Utah settlers who counselled the emigrants not to try the northern passes across the Sierra. Eventually it was decided to attempt a southern entry into California over the route of a northern trail. No wagons yet had traversed this road, but it was believed to be passable. Accordingly a guide was engaged and a train of 107 wagons set out over the southern route.

But the emigrants were impatient. They had heard of a short cut that would take them across the Sierra in the vicinity of Tulare and thereby save them a vast deal of time and travelling in reaching the mines, which was their objective. Arriving at Mountain Meadows in the southwestern corner of Utah, 27 wagons and something more than 40 emigrats decided to take the short-cut. The balance of the party followed down the Mormon trail and arrived safely and expeditiously in Southern California.

The party that deviated from thebetter known route, however, immediately began to experience privation and hardship. They found little water, food for the oxen became increasingly scarce as they crossed the arid wasteland of Southern Nevada and soon they were in a deplorable plight. The party again divided, but intercepted each other from day to day Finally all entered Death Valley down Furnace Creek Canyon.

One group camped in the vicinity of the present Furnace Creek ranch ; the other, to which Manly was attached, seeking a western outlet from the valley, journeyed south and at last brought up at what is now known as Bennett's Well (named after a member of this party) When death seemed imminent, Manly and another bachelor in the party agreed to seek aid. The pair started out over the Panamint Mountains, passed Searles Lake, struck into the Walker train near Indian Wells (Owens Valley), proceeded southward across the Majove Desert, traversed Soledad Canyon and finally reached Los Angeles. Procuring food and animals, they returned over the same route and rescued the party that had remained behind which included women and children. Before civilization was reached, however, of the more than 40 who left the main caravan in the Mountain Meadows, thirty-four had perished

On leaving the region in which they had spent so many miserable and distressing weeks, Manly turned for one last look, murmuring "Good-bye, Death Valley." Thus, it is asserted, Death Valley received its name.

Roll Wrapping in all widths. Cotton Twine in cones. EXPRESS PRINTING HOUSE

DIRTY EGGS A HANDICAP TO THE TRADE

That one of the most aggravating problems confronting the egg trade at the present time is the far too frequent of marketing of dirty eggs, is the opinion of Mr. W. A. Brown, Chief of the Poultry Division of the Dominion Live Stock Branch. Farmers should realize, states Mr Brown, that they can do much towards improving the egg industry by taking steps to prevent the production and marketing of dirty eggs and by discontinuing the very undesirable practice of washing eggs before marketing.

"Under any circumstances, it is inevitable that a few slightly dirty or stained eggs will appear. But the farmer who consistently produces and markets large numbers of dirty eggs surely does not realize the bad effect of this practice on his market. These eggs are unpopular with consumers and in many cities it is almost impossible to sell them at any price. Washed eggs are even more dangerous to the poultry industry than dirty ones. Washing destroys the natural protective bloom of the egg shell and, the shell being damp, mould spores often enter causing the egg to become unfit for food.

At the same time it is not difficult to prevent the production of dirty eggs. What is needed is an abundance of clean, dry litter on the floor, plenty of nests, about one to every six hens, clean straw in the nests, and frequent gathering of the eggs.

What U. S. Newspapers Use.

The twenty-two thousand newspapers and periodicals in the United States using newsprint consume three million tons, or, for every working man, a strip of paper thirteen feet wide that would encircle the globe.

A "Language Island."

In Russia there is a "language island," where about a million and a half German-speaking people form a community founded in the first case by Catherine the Great.

World's Largest Volcano.

Mauna Loa, in Hawaii, is the largest active volcano in the world. The crater is three miles across.

A Terrific Battle.

The wash and the hornet may be reckoned as formidable foes, but it would appear that the spider, for his size and weight; at least, is equal to anything he may come across. In a recent experiment a spider was pitted, against a wasp in an inverted tumbler.

The wasp scored the first point, biting off one of its opponent's legs; in the next round the spider got in an effective bite, and the wasp died in a few minutes. Two other contests followed, and in each the spider came off victorious.

The strong feature of the spider is its agility, and even in the unconventional environment of a tumbler it evades attack with apparent ease. With the added advantage of a web, which provided not only lines of retreat and attack, but also serves to entangle and embarrass the enemy, the spider is a foeman whom even the boldest spirits in the insect world would hesitate to attack.

Dr. S.R.McCreary, B.Sc.
Physician and Surgeon.
X-Rays a Specialty
170A Front St. Belleville
Opposite City Hall
Phone 1200

H. W. SMITH
Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College. B. V. Sc., of Toronto University.
OFFICE—Centre Street.
PHONE 61

ROYAL HOTEL BARBER SHOP,
HARRY SCOTT, Proprietor.
Everything Neat and Sanitary
Best of Service Guaranteed.
HAIR CUT 35c.—Give us a Trial.

I. B. WILLOUGHBY, M.D., C.M.
Corner Dundas and Robinson Streets.
Office Hours :—2 p.m. to 5 p.m. 7 p.m. to 8 p.m.
'Phone 307. 32-1y

Glaring Head-Lights

Have installed equipment to test your HEAD-LIGHTS, and issue a certificate that the traffic officer will recognize.

Graham Hay Forks and Repairs.

J. M. Graham, Napanee
'Phone 218. DUNDAS ST. EAST P. O. Box 567.

The Napanee Express

Will bring to your home each week the news of the district.

Subscribe Now and receive the Express for one year for . . **$1.50**

SEND THE EXPRESS to your out-of-town friends as a present. They will appreciate your thoughtfulness. Send us your order now and we will forward a special receipt with your compliments.

Our Commercial Printing Department

is fully equipped to handle every class of Printing, and fully guarantee all our work.

We also Handle Counter Check Books

Any size or shape, at much lower prices than you have been in the habit of paying.

Wrapping Paper

At the same price as quoted by the paper house representatives, and you save the freight. We stock 12, 15, 18, 20 and 24 in. rolls, both in light Kraft and Butcher's Fibre.

We can supply any Special Paper in a few days after receiving the order.

The Express Printing House, Napanee.

Man's Heart No Pump.

The accepted idea of the heart as an automatic pump sending blood to all parts of the body may have to be revised.

A famous German heart specialist, Dr. Mendelsohn, says the heart is simply a governor to control the orderly flow of blood, this current itself being due to the constant intake and outgo of liquid caused by chemical action in the body cells, reports Popular Science Monthly

Dr. Mendelsohn says the heart, a small muscle the size of a man's fist, "could not possibly be capable of driving the tenacious mass of the blood through the entire body." He cites invalids with hearts so flabby as to release scarcely any energy, yet they lived for years with sufficient blood circulation.

Hot Seats for Churches.

A church in Hermsdorf, Silesia, is equipped with a heating system which enables every visitor to heat his seat as much as desired. The tubes run along the benches, and every seat has a switch for regulating the heat.

The Plow Woman

By ELEANOR GATES,
Author of "The Biography of a Prairie Girl."

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY McCLURE, PHILLIPS & COMPANY.

"You were quite right," he said, flicking Shadrach gently. "That young man should pay no visit to your daughters while you are absent. Yet"—he could not refrain from putting a reproof where it seemed due—"yet I regret your manner of addressing him, your oath"—

Lancaster glared. "Oh, you' grandmother's tortoise shell cat!" he said wrathfully. "For several hours there after he added nothing to this.

Back in his store Lounsbury was mixing brown sugar with white oolong tea with a green variety and putting shreds in the pickle barrel. Simultaneously he was torturing himself. Had the section boss left home with no danger threatening? But—the green pung was undoubtedly bound for Bismarck. What on earth that kid suddenly made him see the necessity of attending to the claim? Along with this came self arraignment. After all, he should have told Lancaster that a man who claimed the quarter section on the peninsula had been called from Dodge City. Lounsbury had been certain that Matthews could not reach Fort Brannon before the spring thaw. It had never occurred to him that the section boss would leave his girls alone! Now, he vowed that if any harm befell Dallas and Maryln he had only himself to blame.

He buckled on his pistol belt and padlocked the door. "I don't care whether the old man likes it or not," he declared aloud, "I'm going down there."

As he swung through the camp on his way to the corral he saw one of old Michael's helpers coming toward him, picking his steps in the slush. The man motioned and held out out a white something. It was an envelope, grimy and unaddressed.

Lounsbury ripped it open and pulled out a written sheet.

der mr lounsbury [ran the note].matthesame com las nite in a quere outfit with a krazy preecher the preecher I think is at the landsaander but the other varmint is her I hav a i on him prity kold wether river solid.

It was partly through the generous employment of his imagination that the storekeeper was able to make out the scrawl, which, though not signed, he knew to be the pilot's. That same imagination enabled him to set up numberless disturbing—almost terrible—pictures.

The astonished helper gazed after him as he went tearing away to the direction of the horse barn. "By the go!" he grumbled. "Twenty miles, and he didn't even say treat!"

Soon Lounsbury's favorite saddler, urged on by a quirt, was kicking up a path across the crusted drifts that Shadrach had so recently surmounted. As the storekeeper cantered swiftly forward a new question presented itself to him. Was the "preacher" in league with Matthews, and so was carrying the section boss out of the way? He decided negatively. He had given only a glance to Lancaster's companion, but, together with the passing glimpse from the store, had shown him a venerable man whose piercing eyes held a pious light. He was no scoundrel confederate. He was plainly but a brave, perhaps a fanatic and foolhardy, apostle in the wilderness, and his calling had kept Matthews from confiding in him.

While Lounsbury thus alternately tortured and eased his mind he had passed the somber clump of cottonwoods where the indian dead were lashed and was fast covering the miles that lay between the burial boughs and Fort Brannon.

* * * * * * *

When the ten minutes he had allotted were past Matthews made a great show of putting away his watch and took a last pull at the whisky flask. The bottle disposed of, he walked down the drift to the warped door and rapped a staccato. No answer was returned. Again he rapped and more imperatively than before. Again no answer. He pushed back his hat and applied an ear to the hole through which Lad hung the lifting string of the latch. Then he heard long, infrequent sobs, like those of a child who, though almost asleep, is yet sorrowing. Between the sobs, punctuating them fiercely, sounded the prolonged sucking in of breath.

"Might as well stop y' bawlin' an' squallin'," he called from the latchhole. "Time's up!"

Getting no reply, as before, he altered his tactics. First, shading his face with his slim fingers, he looked in. He could not see the girls. Dallas was close to the door and beyond the limit of his vision. So was Maryln, helpless with fright, but knelt, half lay, against her sister. What he could see was, from the south window, the gaudy Navajo blankets forming two partitions of Lancaster's bedroom and nearer two partly filled sacks, some harnesses and the seat of a wagon. The other window afforded a better view. "Looks mighty comfortable," he said as he contemplated it. There was a hearth with its dying fire. In front of it were circling benches and a thick buffalo skin rug. Above was a mantel, piled with calico covered books. A freshly scrubbed table stood in the farther corner beneath a dish cupboard, which was made of a dry-goods box. To the left of this, high up on the log wall, were a couple of pegs.

It was these that finally riveted Matthews' attention and brought him to a temporary halt. "Got th' gun down!" he exclaimed. On finding that Lancaster was gone he had decided not to produce a weapon. Now, however, he quickly felt for one and dropped on all fours. "That biggest gal 'd no more mind pumpin' lead into me than nothin'," he declared, wagging his head wisely. "I could tell that by the shine in her eyes." He crawled around the corner.

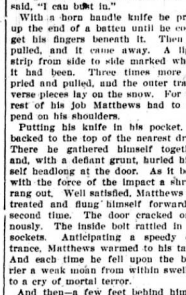
Behind the lean-to, he came to several conclusions. It would be useless to try to get in by either window. Both were high and small. The best spot for an attack was the door. Useless he was hard pressed he must not shoot. Women were concerned, and the fort or Clark's might be stirred to unreasonable retaliation in their name. For example, there was that poor devil of a cow puncher at Dodge who had been riddled simply for slapping his wife. Obviously the shack must be occupied without the shedding of blood. But what of his safety? "I'll jus' have t' chance it," he said, and hunted for something to use as a battering ram.

Not a pole, not even a piece of board, could he find. A scarcity of fuel before Squaw Charley began furnishing it had led to the burning of every old bit of timber. Disgruntled, but not discouraged, Matthews crawled back to the front of the cabin and closely examined the door. "I thought so!" he declared joyfully when he was done. Rain and snow had swelled the thick boards of which it was built. But through the narrow cracks between these he saw that the transverse pieces on the inside, like the four without, were only slender battens. "If I can git some of them cleats off," he said, "I can bust in."

With a horn handle knife he pried up the end of a batten until he could get his fingers beneath it. Then he pulled, and it came away. A light strip from side to side marked where it had been. Three times more he pried and pulled, and the outer transverse pieces lay on the snow. For the rest of his job Matthews had to depend on his shoulders.

Putting his knife in his pocket, he backed to the top of the nearest drift. There he gathered himself together and, with a defiant grunt, hurled himself headlong at the door. As it held with the force of the impact a shriek rang out. Well satisfied, Matthews retreated and flung himself forward a second time. The door cracked ominously. The inside bolt rattled in its sockets. Anticipating a speedy entrance, Matthews warmed to his task. And each time he fell upon the barrier a weak moan from within swelled to a cry of mortal terror.

And then—a few feet behind him a voice interrupted—a well modulated



"Sorry," he said dryly, "but it's my head."

voice in an amused, ironical tone. "Well," it said slowly, "I hope you're enjoying yourself."

Matthews whirled and reached for a weapon. He was too late. As he swung it forward the single eye of a revolver held his. Beyond was Lounsbury.

A queer tremor ran around the storekeeper's mouth. His nostrils swelled, and he wrinkled his forehead. "Sorry," he said dryly, "but it's my bead."

Sheer surprise, together with a lack of breath, made the other dumb.

"Drop your gun," bade Lounsbury.

Matthews' right hand loosed its hold. His revolver fell and slid, spinning, to the bottom of the drift.

"Now, I know all you want to say," said Lounsbury; "that this claim is yours, that your six months ain't up, that Lancaster's jumped it, and so on. But that won't excuse what you've tried to do—break into this house while these young women are alone. Besides, you haven't the ghost of a right to this land. So you'll oblige me by keeping off it from now on."

Matthews found his tongue. "Who in hell are you?" he demanded coolly.

"Who am I?" repeated the storekeeper, smiling down the revolver barrel, "why, I'm St. George, and you're the dragon." He raised his voice. "Miss Lancaster!" he called. "Miss Lancaster!"

A face appeared at a window, then a second. There were more cries, but not of fear. The sash was pushed open. Dallas and Maryln, the young-er girl still clinging to the elder, looked out.

"It's all right," said the storekeeper, not taking his eyes from the enemy. "It's all right."

Dallas could not answer. But Maryln, though exhausted, was fully alive to their rescue. Her eyes, wide and tearful, were fixed upon Lounsbury.

"Oh, we're afraid!" she cried plaintively. "Pa's gone, and we're afraid!"

"You needn't be any more," he said reassuringly.

Matthews under his breath was cursing the self contained man in the saddle. Enraged at the storekeeper's interference, but with disappointment, he saw himself stood up like a tenderfoot. But his caution prevailed. A certain expression in Lounsbury's eyes, a certain square set to his jaw, the very cues that guided the cattle camp, made him cautious.

"Look a-here," he said to Lounsbury, assuming a conciliatory manner. "Let's talk as one gent to another. These ladies is your friends. So far so good. But I has my rights, an' I can prove that I slept on this quarter section three times and"—

Lounsbury's face darkened. He was lightly ironical no longer. He urged his mount forward. "Don't argue with me, you infernal blackguard," he said. "You can prove anything you want to by a lot of perjuring, thieving land grabbers. Don't I know 'em! If you filed on this claim you were hired to do it. You hadn't an idea of settling or building a home. You did it for speculating purposes—nothing else. And the law, I happen to know, is dead against that. You're a shark. But your game won't work. These folks are going to stay in this shack and on this bend. And you be mighty careful you don't make 'em any trouble!"

"I'll git a Bismarck lawyer," declared Matthews.

"Yes, and we'll tar and feather the shyster. What's more, I'll head a bunch of Clark's boys, and we'll wipe Shanty Town off the face of the earth!"

Matthews raised his shoulders and put his tongue in his cheek. "You're mighty interested in these ladies, seems t' me," he said insinuatingly.

The slur did not escape the storekeeper. It determined him to parley no further. "Hoist your hands!" he commanded.

Matthews obeyed. His fingers were twitching.

The next command was curt. "Mosey!"

The other moved away. When he was beyond pistol range he produced his second revolver and waved it above his head. "You jus' wait!" he shouted. "You jus' wait! I'll fix y'!"

Lounsbury returned him a mocking salute.

CHAPTER X.

As Matthews ceased his threatening and strode on a new feet came over Dallas. She leaned toward Lounsbury from the window. "What does he mean by 'fixing you'?" she asked hoarsely.

The storekeeper was still watching riverward, and he answered without turning his head. "He means it's a case of shoot on sight," he said.

"Then you mustn't go near him—you must go back to Clark's. Promise me you will! I can take care of Maryln till dad comes. If you got hurt"—

Lounsbury threw one leg over the pommel and sat sideways for awhile, buckling and unbuckling his reins. When he spoke it was very gently, and again he did not look at her. "Hadn't you better wrap up a little?" he suggested. "It's cold."

She got out about Maryln. "It ain't right for you to make our quarrel yours. You mustn't. I wouldn't have you hurt on our account for anything." Her eyes beseeched him.

He glanced at her. "It's worth a lot to know you feel that way," he said slowly. "But—I'm afraid I can't do what you want. It's your safety that counts with me."

Maryln's face had been hidden to shut out the dread sight of Matthews. Now she lifted it. She said nothing. But as if suddenly smitten by a painful thought she turned from Dallas to Lounsbury, from Lounsbury to Dallas, questioningly, doubtful. She drew to one side a few steps and stood alone.

The movement escaped the others. The storekeeper had slipped from his saddle to pick up Matthews' revolver. And the elder girl, against whom was setting in a tide of reaction, was struggling for composure. She put out a trembling hand for the weapon.

"Got a rifle, too, haven't you?" he asked.

"No. Dad took it."

"Good heavens! I'm glad I didn't know that coming down!"

"How'd you happen to come?"

"I saw the sleigh go by and was sure something had scared your father about the claim. So I didn't wait to black my boots."

"Oh, it was a comfort to hear you," she said.

"Was it?" eagerly. He stepped toward her, then drew back. "Well," with a feeble attempt at humor, "I'd rather be a comfort than a wet blanket." He had remembered that evil eyes were watching, that his least move might subject Lancaster's daughters to the coarse comment of Shanty Town. He dared not even remain out of his saddle. He mounted.

"Oh, you're going to leave us!" exclaimed Maryln. She began to cry helplessly.

"But I'll be on the lookout every second," he declared. "Miss Dallas"—he urged his horse up to the window—"don't think I'm idiot enough to try to do up that saloon gang down there single handed. If I go to Shanty Town it'll be because I have to. I won't go alone if I can help it. First of all, I intend to see the colonel over there and lay this matter before him."

"But dad"—she began.

"Got to do it, whether your father likes it or not. We're dealing with a cutthroat. He knows this land's worth money."

"Yes"—

"And you can't tell what he'll do." He bent to her. "That scoundrel scared you," he said regretfully. "You're ready to drop. Oh, yes, you are. And it's my fault. I knew he might come any day—that he'd make trouble. But I didn't believe he'd get here so soon I"—

"I'd given him up," she said.

"You? You did know, then!"

"Quite awhile ago."

"Knew what?" asked Maryln, stopping her tears. Then, certain that there was some awful secret behind it all and that it was being kept from her, she began to cry again.

Dallas soothed her and explained.

"Do you know when Matthews' six months is up?" Lounsbury inquired.

"Tonight at 12."

"Tonight! Well, we've got to keep him off. He may try to establish residence in a wicklup."

"But hasn't he a right? Can't he"—

He hasn't, and he can't. And if he comes this way after midnight I'll fix him for trespassing!" He laughed.

"I wish you wouldn't go to the fort though. You've heard dad—you know how he feels."

"I wouldn't go if I didn't have to. But the temperature's falling. By sundown they'll begin changing the sentries at Brannon every hour. No one man could stay out even half the night. And this shack has to be guarded till morning. I must get some one to relieve me."

"I suppose you're right," she said reluctantly.

He brought the horse about. "Is there anything I can do before I go?" he asked.

"No. We've got everything but wood, and Charley brings us that."

"Charley," repeated Lounsbury "Who's Charley?"

She told him.

He seemed relieved. "I'll look that Indian up," he said, and raised his hand to his cap.

From the road he looked around. Despite the distance he could see that the girls were where he had left them, and Maryln's head was once more pressed against her sister. The sight made him writhe in his saddle and wish he were as old as the river bluffs themselves, that he might go back and protect them. As he descended to the ice their two faces rose before him. One, pretty and pale, with the soft roundness of a child's, the blue eyes filled with all a child's terror and ecstasy; the other, pale, too, though upon it there still lingered the brown of the summer sun, but firm of outline, its crown a heavy coil of braids, its center, eyes that were brave, steadfast, compelling.

The first picture blurred in remembering the second. "God bless her!" he murmured. "To think she knew all the time and never cheeped!"

At the middle of the river, still pondering—over a strange contrariety. Their home was in danger, perhaps their very lives. Yet the day had fulfilled its promise of the morning—it was the happiest in her life!

The ramshackle ferryboat was firmly wedged in a drydock of ice on the western side of the Missouri. As Lounsbury passed it, with his horse following pluckily in spasmodic fashion, he shouted for old Michael. But long before the river had flooded, when it was edging and covering only in the least swift places, the pilot had made his final crossing, and the wheezy steamer nose-on against the bank and deserted her. So the storekeeper received no answering halloo. He was disappointed. It was desirable to enroll as few as possible in the Lancaster dispute. Old Michael, already a factor, was needed to act the picket—to fire a warning signal if Matthews left Shanty Town.

A substitute was found at the stables. The storekeeper as he rushed away after disposing of his mount came upon Lieutenant Fraser busily roaching his own riding animal, a flighty buckskin cayuse that no one else cared to handle and that was affectionately known in barracks as the "she devil." The men had met before, around the billiard table at the sutler's, and Lounsbury had set the young officer down as obstreperous but rather chicken hearted youngster, who had chosen his profession unwisely. So, his story told, the storekeeper was altogether surprised at Fraser's spirited enthusiasm and quick response.

"I've nothing to do, old man," he said as they went toward the parade ground. "I can help as well as not. So just take your time. I'll watch for you."

"I hardly think our man 'll show his nose before dark. But I can't leave my self open"—

"Don't fret."

They parted at the flagpole, the West Pointer going down to the river and Lounsbury hurrying off in the opposite direction.

Colonel Cummings' entry and reception rooms were crowded when the storekeeper entered. A score of officers were standing about in little groups talking excitedly. But Lounsbury was too anxious and distraught to notice anything unusual. He hurried up to a tall, sad faced man whose mustache, thin and coarse, drooped lower over his mouth, giving him the look of a melancholy walrus.

"Can I see the K. O., Captain Oliver?" he asked. "It's important."

"I'll find out," answered the captain. "But I don't believe you can. He's up to his ears." He disappeared into the next room.

Lounsbury bowed to several officers, though he scarcely saw them. He heard Oliver's low voice, evidently announcing him, then the colonel's.

"Yes, bring him in," cried the latter. "Maybe he'll know."

The storekeeper entered without waiting. Colonel Cummings stood in the center of the room. It was the room known as his library, in compliment to a row of dog eared volumes that had somehow survived many a wet bivouac and rough march. But it resembled a museum in the corners, on the walls beneath the bulky heads of buffalo and the branching antlers of elk, there were swords, tomahawks, bows and arrows, strings of glass wampum, cartridge belts, Indian bonnets, drums and shields and a miscellany of warlike odds and ends. Today the room was further littered by maps, which covered the table, the benches and the whole length of an army cot. Over one of these hung the colonel, making imaginary journeys with the end of a dead cigar.

He turned swiftly to Lounsbury and caught him by the shoulders. "John," he said before the other could speak, "I need an interpreter. You've been about here for years. Do you know one?"

"There's Soggy, that Phil Kearny fellow"—

The colonel gave a grunt of disgust. "In jail on a drunk!" he replied. "Played cards with a galoot who had some aces in his boot tops. Plugged him."

"What's the matter with your Rees?"

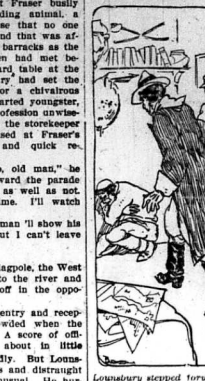
"That's just it! You see, that bunch of Sioux up there"—he jerked his head toward the stockade—"helped in a bit of treachery two summers ago. Rounded up some friendly Rees at a dance and scalped 'em. So—there's the trouble. I'm in this business on hand I couldn't trust even my head scout." He began pacing the floor. "Anyway, sign language, when there are terms to be made and kept, isn't worth a cent."

"I wish I could suggest a man," said Lounsbury. "Fact is, colonel, I'm terribly worried myself. I came to ask you for help in some trouble"—

The cold soldier threw up his hands. "Trouble!" he cried. "Why, I'm simply daft with it! Look at that!" He pointed to the farthest side of the room.

It was dimly lighted Lounsbury stepped forward and peered down—then recoiled as startled as if he had happened upon something dead. On the floor was a man, a man whose back was turned, and whose arms and legs were hugged up against his abdomen and chest. Torso and limbs were alike, frightfully shrunken; the hands, mere claws. Lounsbury could see the face. But the hair was uncovered, and it was the hair that made him "goose flesh" from head to heel. It was white—not the white of old age, with glancing hints of silver or yellow, but the dead white of an agony that had withered it to the roots. Circling it and separating the scalp from the face and neck ran a narrow fringe that was still brown, as if, changing in a night, it had lacked full time for completion.

Lounsbury could not take his eyes from the huddled shape. Colonel Cummings passed beside him. "This morning," he said, speaking in an undertone, "a sentry signaled from beyond the barracks. Two or three men took guns and ran out. They found this life clothes would not fit with ice. He was almost frozen, though he had been traveling steadily. He was utterly worn out and was crawling forward on his hands and knees." The ragged



Lounsbury stepped forward and peered down.

sleeves and trousers, stained darker from the wounds on elbows and knees, were mute testimony. "He couldn't see," continued the colonel. "He was snow blind. They laid him out on a drift and rubbed him. The surgeon did the rest. He begged to see me. They brought him in, and he told his story. It's an old one. You've heard it. But it's always new too. This is Frank Jamieson, a young"—

As he heard his name the man stirred, straightened his legs and let fall his arms. He looked up.

"Young!" gasped Lounsbury. "Good God!" The face was aged—like the hair!

Jamieson struggled weakly to his feet, using the wall to brace him.

Colonel Cummings hastened across and lent the support of an arm. "No, no," he protested. "You mustn't talk. You're too weak."

But Jamieson did not heed. "You an interpreter?" he asked in a rasping whisper.

"You're too weak"—

"No, I ain't; no, I ain't. If he'll go with us I'm strong enough. Why, I shoveled snow on the special to Bismarck—that's how they let me ride—and skating home I didn't stop to rest"—

"Yes, yes, my boy, we know."

"I walked and walked—straps broke—I forgot to tell you—that's why I had to. But it didn't do any good—it didn't do any good! When I got there"—As if to shut out some terrible sight he screened his eyes with one palsied hand and sank back limply into Colonel Cummings' arms. Lounsbury swept the cot clean of maps, and they laid him there.

"His father was dead," said the commanding officer—"dead and naked, scalped, mutilated, full of arrows and rifle balls. The house and barns were burned."

"Any women?"

"Two—gone."

Jamieson put out his arms. "My mother!" he cried imploringly. "My poor little mother!"

Lounsbury knelt beside him, feeling shaken and half sick.

"If I could only 'a' been there! But I was 'way off at St. Paul. I knew something was wrong when the letters stopped."

"But you must buck up, Jamieson," said the colonel, "so you can help us."

"I will; oh, I will!"

"How'd you get down here?" said Lounsbury.

"I didn't eat for a long time. I was crazy. The snow blinded me, and I was hungry. But I didn't leave the river. I knew enough for that. They found me."

"You think the women are alive, colonel?" asked the storekeeper.

"Undoubtedly, and with the other half of the very best we've got here—somewhere up in the Big Horn country." He took a turn up and down the room.

"May I ask your pun?"

"We are in fine shape to talk terms to the captors. I'll send a command to them, demanding the women. If they are not surrendered I'll hang four of the Yeddahs I've got here—Lame Foot, the medicine man, and Chiefs Standing Buffalo, Canada John and Shoot-at-the-Tree—all ringleaders. Then the rest of the band will be put on a reservation. If the Jamieson women are alive and they send 'em in I won't hang the chiefs."

"When 'll the command start?"

"Three hours after we get an interpreter. I've sent word up to Custer at Lincoln. But the delay! Think what it means to those women!"

"It was about two women that I wished to speak," said Lounsbury. He felt apologetic, however, the one danger was so trifling beside the other.

Colonel Cummings listened. "Those girls had better come here," he said as the storekeeper finished. "Then they'd be safe enough. I remember seeing one of 'em the day we got back. She was a fine looking young woman."

"There are two arguments against their coming, sir. For legal reasons it's best they should not vacate the shack or leave the claim."

"I see."

"And, again, the father is—well, he's rather sore about the war."

"You don't say!"

"So, if you could give me a couple of men to take my place now and then during the night—the situation is temporary, you see, the father 'll be back in a few days."

"There are very strong reasons against my acting in the matter. I'm here to keep an eye on the Indians. The settlers are expected to go to the civil authorities when they have quarrels. Now, I'd like to mix up with Shanty Town, for instance. Our guardroom is jammed with men who've been drugged over there with rifle whisky. Let it cash. I can only punish my men."

"I know that's so."

"Of course I shan't see defenseless women suffer"—

Lounsbury was piqued. "Not altogether defenseless, colonel. But I can't stay at the shack"—

"True, true. Why not ask Mrs. Martin, Major Appleton's sister, to go over? They you might guard from the barn, if they have one."

"That's a splendid suggestion, sir. It would solve the difficulty."

"I'll be glad to speak to Mrs. Martin about it." He thought a moment, passing a hand over his clean shaven face. "You'd have to be relieved even then, John, I should think."

"Not at all."

"But you might. In that case"— He drew Lounsbury close and spoke with his lips in the storekeeper's ear. "But you understand," he said aloud, as he concluded, "that I know nothing about it. If I hear of it I shall be very displeased—very"

Lounsbury was wringing his hand and ready to bolt.

"All the same, John, I wish the civil authorities could get at the man."

"I wish so too." He leaned over Jamieson.

"Good luck!" said Colonel Cummings, going back to his maps.

"Thank you."

And just at that moment, as Lounsbury swung round on his heel, there rang out from the river a single pistol shot. It echoed sharply against the barracks and went dying away upon the bluffs.

CHAPTER XI.

Fraser's shot drew many eyes to the river—for in the winter time any occurrence, however trifling, could get instant attention of the lonely garrison. Troopers in various stages of dress came tumbling out upon the long porch at barracks. Others looked from the many windows of the big frame structure. The washerwomen and their hopefuls blocked the doorways of Hetherspoon's post exchange, or—at headquarters, at the sutler's, in their homes—and their wives and families up and down the "line" remarked the signal. But when Lounsbury brought up beside Fraser and the two seemed to be occupying themselves with nothing in particular, the onlookers laid the shot to an overventuresome water rat and so withdrew from their points of vantage.

"What is it?" was the storekeeper's first breathless demand.

The young officer, hands on hips, nodded straight ahead. "You see those willows just below the cut?" he asked. "Well, there's a queer black bunch in 'em."

"Yes. Is it a man?"

"I think so."

"Moved?"

"Not yet."

"Come on then. Maybe he's aiming for the coulee mouth, so's to sneak up on the Lancasterites behind."

They charged away across the mile of ice.

"If it's Matthews why didn't he cling me as I went by?" panted Lounsbury.

"Look, look!" cried Fraser. "Now, he's moving!"

They stopped to loosen their revolvers, after which they started again cautiously.

The tops of the willows were shaking. Presently they spread outward, and the "black bunch" lengthened. Then it emerged and was resolved into a blanketed Indian.

"Charley!" exclaimed the officer. As he spoke the outcast, shouldering a bundle of sticks, began to climb the cut.

The two men looked at each other and burst into a laugh.

"Fraser," said Lounsbury, "did you ever hear of the fellow that stalked a deer all day and then found it was a sheep on his glasses?"

"That's one on me," admitted the lieutenant sheepishly. "I knew nobody had come out of that door—but you see we were in the stable awhile."

"Charley"—that squaw Indian they told me about, eh? Pretty good to them."

"Yes. From what I understand they're pretty good to him."

They followed leisurely and took up

(Continued on page 5)

A small "Want Adv.", in the columns of The Napanee Express will bring results.

Pa's Son-in-Law

WELL, BY GOLLY, THIS "MASTER-MIND" GINK H-HAS SURE GOT ME WINGIN'! W-WE'VE SEARCHED TH' HOUSE AN' FOUND NOTHIN' AND YET NOT TEN MINUTES AGO H-HE YELLED AT ME FROM OUTA THAT THERE ROOM! WELL—WE KNOW HE'S NOT IN TH' HOUSE, NOW, SO—
PA'S SON-IN-LAW — AN
THE MASTER-MIND IS EVERYWHERE! YOU CANNOT ESCAPE THE MASTER-MIND!
OWF!
AFTERTHOUGHT
WELLINGTON
M-MISSY PA, WOE-SIN ALL THAT THERE SOMETHIN'? WHEN MISSY MASTA-MIND MAKEE TALK, IF WE HAVE LUN INSIDE LOOM VELLY QUICK, MEBBE WE ALL SAME KETCHEE FELLA!
BE-LIEVE GEE! MAYBE WE WOULD HAVE! DOGGONE IT, WHY DIDN'T WE THINK OF THAT SOONER!
ONE MILE FROM HOME
Gilwellington

WILSON'S - HARDWARE

Miller's "Ideal" Incubators

Oil or Electrically heated, are built to last a life-time. In all sizes from 85 to 1800 egg capacity. The best hatcher ever manufactured.

This COAL BROODER will brood with a minimum loss every chick entrusted to it.

Auction Sale.

S. W. Clark, Auctioneer, will sell for Mr. Sam Knapp, on lot 13, con. 5, Richmond, on Tuesday, April 3rd, at 4 p.m., choice milch cows, horses, pigs, hens, dog, wagons, sleighs, harness, mower, rake, wagon rack, gas engine, and other articles. Usual terms. 16c

Ice Leaves River.

On Monday morning, March 26th, the ice in the harbor left its spring exit. A comparison of dates when the ice left the harbor in former years will be of interest. The record covers a period of the past twelve years, and is as follows :

1917—March 21st.
1918—March 21st.
1919—March 23rd.
1920—March 25th.
1921—March 11th.
1922—March 20th.
1923—April 7th.
1924—March 21st.
1925—March 19th.
1926—April 10th.
1927—March 17th.
1928—March 26th.

Address and Presentation.

The members of the choir of Grace United Church were entertained at the parsonage on Thursday evening. The principal feature of the evening was a presentation and address made to Miss Helen Hull, a member of the choir, who is shortly to enter a new sphere in life. The address was read by Mr. F. W. Barrett, and the presentation of a very beautiful silver sandwich tray and butter dish and knife, was made by Miss Evelyn Mills. Miss Hull expressed her appreciation of the kindly thoughtfulness of the members of the choir in a few well chosen remarks. Following is a copy of the address :

Napanee, Mar. 23rd, 1928.

Miss Helen Hull,
Napanee, Ontario.

Dear Helen :

It is with keen regret that we learn of your departure from our midst, and we take the opportunity at this time to express our appreciation of the faithful services rendered by you in your connection with the Choir of Grace Church.

By your attendance and deportment you have not only been rendering efficient personal service to the Choir, but by the example set before us, have been an inspiration to stimulate us to better service ourselves.

While we are sorry to lose you, we congratulate you very heartily upon your near approach to a new sphere of life, and you may be sure that you carry with you our best wishes for continued happiness and prosperity.

We ask you to accept these tokens of our regard and esteem, and trust that in the years to come you may look back with many happy memories of your association with the Choir of Grace Church, Napanee.

Signed on behalf of the Choir,
ETHEL C. SEYMOUR,
Leader.

D. B. WILSON

Phone 138.

No Change in the Price

Hair Cut

35c.

FRED S. SCOTT

BARBER and TOBACCONIST
John St.

(One door south of Express Office.)

F. C. MARTIN & SON

FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND EMBALMERS

22 Years' Experience

Ambulance Service in Connection

Prompt attention to night or day calls.

Office Telephone No. 74.
Residence Telephone No. 375

24-6m

RADIO ANNOUNCEMENT!

We are exclusive agents for DeForest Crossley and Marconi Battery and Batteryless Radios. Phone 367 and make an appointment with us for a demonstration.

We carry a complete line of Radio accessories and Eveready Layerbilt Batteries.

A Wired House is a Cheerful Home

Have your house wired ; estimates given free.

We carry a complete line of up-to-date Fixtures, Irons, and Toasters, Curling Tongs, etc.

Premier Duplex Vacuum Cleaner will sweep your rugs, polish your hardwood floors, and dry your hair. The motor and the power driven brush runs in ball bearing, the only vacuum capable of filling so many different needs and filling them right.

Now is the time to install an Electric Water Heater ; hot water all summer at a small cost.

Then comes the Thor Washing Machine which for simplicity of operation and a minimum of upkeep the Thor has no equal.

Beach and Nalfonal Ranges have exclusive features which can't be beaten.

Vacuum Cleaner and Floor Polisher to rent by day, or half day.

One 3-burner Coal Oil Stove for sale cheap—a good buy. Also one Coal and Wood Range for sale.

One Victor Phonograph with 24 records.

One 5-tube DeForest Crossley Radio Console model, cheap ; also several types of Loud Speakers at reduced prices.

Vine's Electric Shop

MARKET SQUARE. 'Phone 367.
Residence 'Phone 112-F

WHERE RESTS YOUR LOVED ONE

there place the most enduring, the most beautiful evidence of your affection and devotion possible to obtain—a monument in imperishable **Marble or Granite,** designed, carved and erected by us, specialists in this work.

We will make special designs for you at the lowest possible cost.

Talk it over with

WM. M. HOWITT,
Napanee, - Ontario

Campbell House
On Wednesday, April 4th, '28

J. B. KNIGHT

Will display a complete line of ladies and gent's

HAIR GOODS

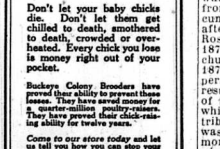
including Patent Structure

Advice on all Scalp Ailments, and the use of Inecto Rapid

Phone Hotel for Appointment

The W. T. Pember Stores,
Limited
129 YONGE ST., TORONTO, ONTARIO

Stop the Losses of your Baby Chicks



Buckeye
coal-burning brooders

Don't let your baby chicks die. Don't let them get chilled to death, smothered to death, crowded or overheated. Any chick you lose is money right out of your pocket.

Buckeye Colony Brooders have proved their ability to prevent these losses. They have proved money for a quarter-million poultry-raisers. They have proved their chick-raising ability for twelve years.

Come to our store today and let us tell you how you can stop your losses and make more money from your poultry with Buckeye Brooders.

Buckeye oil-burning brooders

M. B. MILLS CO.,
Napanee, Ont.

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

9.30—Class meeting.
10.30 a.m.—Public Worship. Sermon, "The Triumphal Entry."
11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.
7.00—Evening worship. Evangelistic message, "Drifting."

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

Poultry Wanted.

We pay the highest cast prices for poultry the year round.

THE M. B. MILLS CO.
18-1-y Napanee.

On Tuesday, April 10th.

From 4 to 6 p.m., tea will be served in Grace church schoolroom, by the local branch of the "VICTORIAN ORDER." Let this be your invitation to come. The N.C.I. Orchestra will furnish the music. Admission 25c. 18-c

Accepts Pastorate.

Rev. H. W. Foley, of Fraserville, who a short time ago received a unanimous invitation from the official boards of the Selby and Empey Hill Circuit, has notified the boards of his acceptance and will assume his new duties in July.

Died Very Suddenly.

Sudden indeed was the summons which came to Mrs. Ming, beloved wife of Dr. E. Ming, M.L.A., on Monday morning, Mrs. Ming was cleaning up the breakfast dishes, when she collapsed, and though medical aid was summoned, she passed away almost immediately. She had been suffering with heart trouble at times recently, but not considered in a dangerous condition, and her sudden demise comes as a shock to her many friends among whom she was beloved for her charitable works, and unfailing sympathy. The funeral will take place from the family residence on Thursday afternoon, with services in Grace United Church, at 2.30 p.m.

Charles George Coxall.

Entered into rest on Monday, March 19th, at 5.30 p.m., after a short illness. The late Mr. Coxall was all was born on Wolfe Island Jan. 14th, 1850. In his young manhood he settled in Tamworth in the mercantile business, from which he retired in November, 1917. An Anglican in religion, he gave the same enthusiastic support to his church that he did to his business, serving as Church Warden for many years. The community at large will miss his optomistic spirit and his generous response to all the appeals made to him. Besides his sorrowing wife he leaves to mourn him three sons and three daughters : Mrs. J. W. Shier, Jr., Tamworth ; Mrs. George A. Reid, Belleville; Mrs. N. Wilson, Vancouver ; Stanton, at home ; Walter S., Kingston ; Laurence P., Wellington, also one sister, Mrs. G. Corran, Lindsay, and one brother, Mr. John Coxall, Wolfe Island.

Typewriting Contest.

In the Typewriting Contest held in Brockville on Saturday, Miss Mary Rogers, who represented the Napanee Collegiate, stood second. Miss Rogers and Miss Lenore Black were sent to Brockville by the Rotary Club, to participate in the Dominion Championship Contest held there. Miss Black, who was entered in the novice class, was the victim of unfortunate circumstances, when the machine on which she was writing failed to space properly. Although the gross number of words written by Miss Black was only ten less than that of the winner, the machine errors reduced the net speed in a like result This is Napanee's first experience in Typewriting contests, and the two contestants, as well as the local contest held in Napanee, showed that the local Collegiate can produce typists who will compare favourably with those throughout the province. The Collegiate Commercial Department is grateful to the Rotary Club, as well as to the donors of the cups, medals, for the stimulus they have given to increasing trypewriting efficiency in the Collegiate.

Rev. A. H. Coleman Died on Saturday.

Rev. Abel Henry Coleman, M.A., father of Ven. Archdeacon J. H. H. Coleman, Rector of St. Paul's and grandfather of Rev. J. K. Coleman, incumbent at Sharbot Lake, who has not been in good health for some time, passed away on Saturday morning in the Kingston General Hospital. Rev. Mr. Coleman took his B.A. degree from Trinity College, Toronto, in 1869, and obtained his M.A. in 1886. His first charge was at the mission station at Vankleek Hill, which he held from 1869 to 1872, from where he was sent as incumbent to Leeds until 1878, and afterwards being transferred to Roslyn, where he stayed until 1879. He was in charge of the church at North Augusta from 1879 to 1889, and during this period did magnificent work, the result of which was the erection of the substantial stone church which stands in this parish as a tribute to his efforts. In 1889 he was appointed rector of Richmond, where he stayed until 1892, when he went to Arnprior, afterwards being transferred to Iroquois in 1901, and to Edmundsburgh in 1902, resigning from the active ministry in 1904. He was highly esteemed throughout his long and faithful service as a parish priest, and there are few men in the Church which he served so long, who was so loved and esteemed by his fellow clergy. Deceased made many friends in Napanee during his residence here, which was during the ministry of his son, as Vicar of St. Mary Magdalene Church. His passing will be moruned by many.

BAY CIRCUIT

Rev. R. J. Merriam, Pastor

Hay Bay Church : Public Worship 11 a.m.
Bethany Church : Sunday School 4.30 p.m. ; Public Worship 2.30 p.m.
Anderson Church: Public Worship 7.30 p.m.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH
Rev. R. J. Dumbrille, Vicar.

Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church :

SUNDAY, MARCH 25th.

10.30 a.m.—Holy Communion and sermon.
12.00—Sunday School.
2.30 p.m.—Confirmation Class.
7.00—Evensong and sermon.

Rev. Rura Rean Radcliffe, of Deseronto, will be preacher at the evening service.

PASSION WEEK SERVICES

April 2nd to 6th, 1928.

UNITED CHURCHES AND SALVATION ARMY
General Theme :
"The Cross"

Monday 7.30 p.m.—Trinity Church "The Timeless Cross", Rev. A. J. Wilson.

Tuesday, 7.30 p.m.—Salvation Army Citadel "The Cross in the Church," Rev. W. R. Merrick.

Wednesday 7.30 p.m.—Grace Church, "The Cross in the World," Rev. H. Pawson.

Thursday, 7.30 p.m.—St. Andrew's Church, "The Cross and the Individual," Ensign Howe.

Friday, 10.30 a.m.—Trinity Church, "The Cross of Christ," Rev. W. P. Woodger.

There will be an Offering Tuesday evening and Friday morning to defray expenses 17-b

Who Says?

Every one that has used it. Lowe Bros. High Standard Paint spreads better, goes father, lasts longer. That makes it cheapest paint. Special Boat Paints and Floor Varnishes. BOYLE & SON. 18-a

Electrical Storm Causes Fire.

About eleven o'clock on Monday evening an alarm was rung in for a fire which was discovered in a barn owned by Mr. John Wilson, and located just to the north of his residence. Just prior to the fire being discovered, a very severe display of lightning occurrd and the opinion is that the barn was hit by it. The firemen were quickly on the scene, and with two streams of water soon had the blaze under control. An automobile in the barn was badly burned, as was also some other contents The building itself was badly charred on the inside.

SOME CAUSES OF SOFT PORK

(Experimental Farms Note)

Just what factors are responsible for the large number of soft hogs which sometimes arrive at the abbatoirs are not easy to determine, and unless the origin of these hogs is traced back through the various trade channels to their source, the contributing causes cannot be established definitely. Lacking facilities to investigate the problem from that angle, the alternative is to establish feeding conditions, which from experience have demonstrated that they may be faulty, and by checking up on the carcasses, determine if these are the actual faults.

It has been observed that many Western hogs produce soft sides and as it is a common practice to use rather restricted rations, consisting, in many instances, of single grains, this information was used as the basis upon which to conduct the investigation. It must not be assumed from the above statement that any judgment in the selection and use of feeds is limited to the West, as such is not the case.

Tests recently conducted at the Central Experimental Farm at Ottawa with such single feeds as ground oats, ground barley and middlings, and compared with mixed meal rations, indicated that single feeds as a class are more conducive to softness than well selected mixed meal rations. Also, it was found that the addition of buttermilk to these feeds decreased the percentage of soft sides.

Previous tests at this Farm indicated that corn or beans, when comprising all or a major part of the ration, had a tendency to produce softness, while on the other hand, the use of good grain mixtures, and the supplementing of the ration with milk or succulence in some form, counteracted in a marked degree any tendency towards softness

There also appears to be an intimate relationship between the stage of maturity or the physical condition of the hog and the firmness of fleshing. Hogs which are unfinished or not carrying sufficient fat are frequently soft when slaughtered.

Evidence also points to the fact that unthrifty or poor doing hogs are fruitful sources of soft sides.

SICKLY BOY, 7, GAINS 15 LBS.—FATHER HAPPY

"My boy, 7, would not eat. I gave him Vinol and the way he eats and plays now makes me happy. He gained 15 pounds."—J. F. Andres.

Vinol is a delicious compound of cod liver peptone, iron, etc. The very FIRST bottle often adds several pounds weight to thin children or adults. Nervous, easily tired, anemic people are surprised how Vinol gives new pep, sound sleep and a BIG appetite. Tastes delicious. Wallace's Drug Store.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. Harry Pawson, Minister.

10.30 a.m.—Public Worship.
11.45—Sunday School.
6.30 p.m.—Organ recital by Prof Baird.
7 p.m.—Public Worship.
Monday, 7.30 p.m.—Young People's Society.

You Can Get

Custom Hatching, Baby Chicks, Incubators, new or used, Brooders, Feeds, Appliances—Everything at

THE MILLS HATCHERY,
18-3m. Napanee.

Obituary.

Deep sympathy is expressed to Mr. Arthur Clark in the bereavement suffered by him on Friday evening, in the passing of his wife, after a painful illness of a few months' duration. Mrs. Clark was a woman of sterling character and during her residence in Napanee made a large circle of true friends. Prior to coming to Napanee to reside, she and her husband were residents of Clarksville. She was a member of Grace United Church and in both church and social circles she will be greatly missed.

Morven Ladies' Aid.

The Ladies' Aid held its regular meeting at Mrs. E. Miller's, on Wednesday, March 14th, Mesdames Sharp gave a splendid reading, comparing the present with the past. Plans were made for increasing our funds and musical selections were given by Mrs. Merrick and Miss Lillian Babcock, also community singing was enjoyed by all. The novelty sale followed, from which was realized a neat sum. Mrs. Miller treated all present with tasty home-made candy.

Family of Eight Deported.

A family of eight have been deported from Adams, N.Y., to Prescott, Ont. Allen Post, the father, entered illegally in 1914, by way of Cape Vincent, N.Y. He belonged to Napanee and went to the States in 1888. In 1912 he married Nora Kellar, of Belleville, Ont. After residing there for two years and after the birth of a child, the family went by way of Kingston to New York state, entering without reporting to customs authorities. Five other children were born, ranging in ages from fourteen to four. Post comfortably cared for his family till this year, he injured his shoulder and could not work. The council of Adams gave him help and later turned him over to the immigration authorities and deportation was ordered. He did not know what he would do in Ontario, but he would try to get light work.

DESERONTO.

Mrs. Robert English, a former resident of this town, is the guest of Mrs. Thomas Naylor.

Miss Nita Gaulin, of Montreal, is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs Charles Gaulin.

Mrs. T. A. Gordon has returned from Toronto, where she has been the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Pasmore.

Miss Alma Gaulin, of Montreal, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. James Gaulin.

Mrs. Webster and Miss Dryden have returned from Toronto, where they have spent the last few days.

Mrs. J. M. Hall and Mrs. Baker are the guests of the former's daughter, Mrs. Thomas Chalmers, in Dorland.

Mrs. E. A. Rixen has returned home after spending ten days in Wellington, the guest of her daughter, Mrs. L. J. Greer.

Mr. E. A. Rixen and M. B. Rixen spent the week-end the guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Greer.

Miss Long spent the week-end at her home in Napanee.

Miss Helena Naphin, of Kingston, spent the week-end at her home here.

Many people residing on the highway are getting their houses ready for the tourist season.

ODESSA.

The postponed meeting of the Odessa branch of the Women's Institute was held in the Library on Mar. 21st. Some of the members from Wilton came over and assisted in the program. They are after new business workers, as the roads were anythings but good, but the attendance nevertheless, was good.

After the opening, the roll call was answered by "Something wise or otherwise," the response being a variety of both. The most of the business was left over for the next meeting.

As we are somewhat handicapped for music at the library, the young ladies from Wilton very thoughtfully brought string instruments with them. Miss E. Brudenley certainly delighted everyone with her playing.

Mrs. W. C. Snider gave a carefully prepared paper on "What to wear and what not to wear." She gave many suggestions as to colors, materials, etc.

Mrs. Archie Simmons gave the always popular paper on "Current Events."

The Misses Ethel and Helen Babcock sang "My Blue Ridge Mountain Home," the former playing the accompaniment.

Mr. Holmes, manager of the branch of the Royal Bank in Odessa, was present and gave a very instructive talk on "Banking," explaining many practical things every woman should know. He had a couple of pamphlets, "The Use of the Bank" and "Thrift" which were distributed after the meeting.

Thrift and value of it, as expressed by Sir Harry Lauder, was read by Mrs. Nelson Smith, and contains humor and value.

Mrs. Mabee moved a vote of thanks to the Wilton ladies and surprised how Vinol gives new pep, sound sleep and a BIG appetite. Tastes delicious. Wallace's Drug Store.

Investment Consultation

We shall be glad to have the opportunity of assisting you in the choice of desirable bonds or stocks for investment.

Ask to have your name placed on our mailing list.

R. A. DALY & CO.
BANK OF TORONTO BUILDING
TORONTO
Members Toronto Stock Exchange

Local Representative:
A. F. TOMLINS
Box 129
Napanee, Ontario

Windshield and car door glass, any size, at A. E. PAUL'S. 43

ASSURANCE

THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction. We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.

MASTERS-TIERNEY UNDERTAKING CO.
FULL MOTOR EQUIPMENT
MALLORYTEX WINDOW SHADES
AND MOULDING CHAIRS

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

The comedy roit of the season, "A TEXAS STEER," with Will Rogers, America's cowboy.
Also a two reel comedy.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

Gene Cameron plays the leading role in Fox Films clever war comedy, "THE GAY RETREAT."
Also a good comedy.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

One Show only at 8 o'clock.

Based on Haig's appeal to England "with our back to the wall," the most impressive drama ever conceived "ROSES OF PICARDY," with Lillian Hall Davies, England's prettiest daughter, and John Stuart, the idol of the British public. The anguish of a woman's love in the face of danger and duty

And a two reel comedy.
Admission—Adults, 35 cents ; Children, 20 cents.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop

Napanee's Leading Theatre
The Home of Good Photo Plays.

KINGSFORD.

The roads are in a very bad condition, owing to the recent thaw.

The crows have once more made their appearance.

A number from here attended the funeral of Mr. George Whiteman held at Lonsdale on Sunday.

Several from here attended the dance at Deseronto on Tuesday evening last.

Service will be held in St. Jude's Church, Kingsfor, on Sunday at 3 p.m.

"It is the spirit that quickeneth ; the flesh profiteth nothing ; the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life. But there are some of you that believe not. For Jesus knew from the beginning who they were that believed not, and who should betray Him. And He said, therefore said I unto you, that no man can come unto Me, except it were given unto him of My Father. From that time many of His disciples went back and walked no more with Him. Then said Jesus unto the twelve, Will ye also go away ? Then Simon Peter answered Him, Lord, to whom shall we go ? Thou hast the words of eternal life. And we believe and are sure that thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." John 6.

A BIBLE LOVER.

The Most Liquid Investment

A SAVINGS Bank Account is primarily an investment. But it is the only investment yielding a large interest that is available for your use at a moment's notice. Emergencies can be immediately met by the bank account that has been consistently developed. Your investment, as such, yields regular returns in interest. Your investment as a bank account yields constant satisfaction and peace of mind in the fact that it is always ready for other uses without the trouble of converting into cash.

THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA
ESTABLISHED 1873

H. R. McHOULL
Manager, Napanee Branch
Branches also at Belleville, Camden East, Deseronto, Newburgh, Tamworth

Did You Ever Stop to Think

——Just what a ten dollar bill which a farmer spends in his home town may accomplish ? Let us follow it around. Probably the dry goods merchant gets it first. He passes it on to the hardware merchant in payment of an account. The hardware merchant pays it in wages to one of his employees. This employee pays it to his landlady, who pays a grocery bill with it. The grocer can then pay his butcher. The butcher passes this on to his produce merchant, and this produce merchant, buying largely from the farmer, passes this ten dollars back to the farmer, from whom it originally came. Thus it has, in its ramblings among the home town people served many useful purposes and yet it is still in the community to again serve.

If Sent Away to Distant Merchants

——That ten dollar bill is gone for good. It may serve to build up the large city elsewhere. But so far as the home community is concerned its usefulness is at an end, and the community has been drained of just that much working capital.

When in Need of Printing

——Remember that orders left with your home town printer will serve to pay wages of workmen who in turn spend this money with local business houses, thus serving to maintain that round of business which is necessary in order that rural towns throughout Canada may flourish and prosper.

The Napanee Express Printing House

Issued by the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association
313 Manning Chambers, Toronto.

The Plow Woman

By ELEANOR GATES,
Author of "The Biography of a Prairie Girl."

Copyright, 1926, by McClure, Phillips & Company.

(Continued from page 3.)

n stand in the cottonwoods above the landing to discuss the situation. At the very outset Lounsbury determined not to speak of the plan that included Mrs. Martin's aid, the rebuff he had suffered from the section boss having decided him against it.

"By George," he said regretfully, "I wish when I had Matthews cornered that I'd just marched him up the coulee and on to Clark's!"

"Good idea. Too bad you didn't."

"But I'll tell you this: I'm not going to stay out here all night just to shoo him off. I've a good mind to happen in down there, sort him out and do the marching act anyhow."

"Now, look here," reminded Fraser, "that wouldn't do. You don't want to kill Matthews, and you don't want to be killed. It'd be one or the other if you poked your nose in there."

"What do you advise?"

"Lie low till you see a good opportunity. I think the chap'll come out."

"But suppose he doesn't?"

"You'll have to stay here, that's all. I'll divide the watch with you."

"Oh, I don't like to ask you to do that, old man. We ought to be able to think up some kind of a scheme."

The sun was fast declining. Soon it disappeared behind the river bluffs, when the boom of the evening gun swelled the last note of "retreat."

Fraser sighed. The trumpet had suggested a certain dire possibility.

"I don't care for the cold," he declared, "but—but"—ruefully—"do you suppose the K. O. 'll give me more than a month in quarters for this? There's that dance at the major's next week. I'd like awfully to go. If I'm under arrest I can't. And who'll feed my horse and my rattlesnakes?"

"Some sassy sergeant 'll shoot your fiend of a nag," said the storekeeper, "and the rattlers 'll be requested to devour one another. When that's over I'll break it gently to you (and you must be mum) that the K. O. is disciplining you simply to keep his face. He knows—suggested it himself—that I'm to be helped out by some of you fellows."

"Well, that's better," returned Fraser, relieved. And while they walked back and forth he launched into a defense of his pets.

"'Fiend of a nag,'" he quoted. "Why, Buckskin's a tactician. Knows what the trumpet says better than I do."

Night settled swiftly. Despite Lounsbury's prophecy the temperature was not unbearable. The wind died with the glow in the west, leaving the air so still that, to the watchers among the trees, sounds from Brannon mingled distinctly with the near laughter and talk of Shanty Town. No moon rose. Only a few stars burned their faint way through the quickly hidden rents of the sheltering cloud covering that, knitting here, tearing there, again overlapping in soft folds before an urgent sky breeze, swagged low above the ground.

With darkness the two left the grove for the ledge upon which was Shanty Town and stationed themselves where they could still see whoever went in or out of the Trooper's Delight. Matthews did not appear. Numerous men in uniform did. They made noisy exits and went brawling along to other shanties. They slunk

They tiptoed forward.

der they tiptoed forward and, keeping out of the shaft of light, viewed the scene within.

It was a busy one and well bore out the inviting legend of the shingle sign. Along the plank bar "the troopers" were thickly ranged, smacking their lips in "delight" over greasy glasses. Beyond them was a squint eyed man who trotted untiringly to and fro, mixing and pouring. Nearer was the stove, its angular barrel and wide-spread legs giving it the appearance of some horrid fire belching animal.

An unbroken circle of men surrounded it, hats on, rawhide bottomed chairs tilted back to an easy slant. From their pipes and cigars smoke rose steadily and hung, a blue mist, against the sloping rafters of the roof.

There was little talking in the circle. Two or three were asleep, their heads sagging on their necks with maudlin looseness. The others spoke infrequently, but often let down their chairs while they spat in the sand box under the stove or screwed about in the direction of the gaming table. Among these was old Michael. He sat nearest the door, a checker board balanced on his knees, his black stub pipe in its toothy vise. And when he was not feeding the stove's flaming maw with broken boxes, barrel staves and green wood his blowzy countenance was suspended over the pasteboards he was thumbing in a game of solitaire.

The two outside went under the shaft of light and peeped into the rear of the room. There was Matthews, one of five at a square table. A cigar box party filled with coin and chips was before him. In front of the other players were other chip piles. About the five, hanging over them, almost pressing upon them, were a number of troopers. Two or three were idle onlookers. But the majority were following with excited interest every turn of the cards.

"Wretches being plucked of their good six months' pay," whispered Fraser.

"Looks like they're in for all night," Lounsbury returned.

But the officer was pinching him. "Sh! See there!"

A half drunken trooper was interrupting the game. He had reeled forward to the table and seemed to be addressing himself to Matthews, who, as he answered, glanced up indifferently. The trooper continued, emphasizing his words by raising a clinched fist and striking the board a blow.

The chip piles toppled. He turned to look about, unsteadily. A few surrounded him, evidently bent on leading him toward the door. Others appeared to be continuing the dispute with Matthews. But as the disturber was pushed out they gradually subsided.

"I've got an idea," announced the storekeeper. And he disappeared around a corner.

When he returned he was leading the trooper and talking low to him. All three retired to the shadow of the wall.

Here there was a colloquy. First Lounsbury held forth, next the trooper, protestingly. When the lieutenant broke in two phrases were frequently repeated "to the guardhouse" and "won't it pen will."

At last the three went back to the window.

"Remember," cautioned the storekeeper, "we don't want all these shenanigans stirred up."

"Needn't worry," said Fraser. "Just listen to that rumpus down the street."

The disjointed music of a wheezy accordion was rending the night. With it sounded the regular stamp of feet.

Now the trooper rounded the corner. A moment and through the window Lounsbury and the officer saw him enter the door.

He slipped down to a seat beside old Michael. There he stayed for awhile. Whenever a brother trooper looked his way he called him up by the crooking of a finger and whispered to him. Before long a knot of men had again surrounded him. But this time their attention was all for the table at the rear of the room.

There the game was going on. Matthews' chip pile showed where the winnings were gravitating. In the dim light there was a strained look on the faces of the players.

Deal after deal passed. Finally one of the five, having no more disks before him, pushed back his chair and got up.

As he stood, dazed and dismayed, the trooper who had been ejected appeared at his side, clapped him upon the back and spoke. At their elbows was the knot that had gathered at the stove.

The next moment the trooper turned to the table and snatched the pack of cards from Matthews' hand. He held up one, pointing at its back, snapped it down, pointed at a second, then scattered the pack in the air.

Lounsbury and Fraser whipped round the corner and in through the door.

An uproar greeted them. "Cheat!" "Clean him out!" "Do him like Soggy did!" Before them was a jostle of blue backs. Across these, on the farther side of the plank bar, they saw Matthews facing the crowd. His left hand held the cigar box against his chest, his right was up and empty.

"Hold on, boys!" It was Lounsbury.

As if he had caught a cue the foremost trooper—he who had been the disturbing element—repeated the cry and directed the eyes of his comrades to the door.

There was a sudden lull. The men in blue wavered. Here and there a revolver was covertly returned to place.

Lounsbury pushed forward to the stove, Fraser beside him. "Hold on, boys!" he said again and pointed at Matthews. "Hold on—I've got a message for that man."

The lull became a dead silence. To the troopers the sight of shoulder straps was discomfiting, for the officer at once became the personification of the guardroom—chilly, poorly bedded and worse provisioned, of all places the one he dreaded to see at present. To Matthews the interruption was welcome. His right hand slowly lowered to join its mate.

"I'm going to ask you to call your little diversion quits with that gentleman off," continued Lounsbury.

Matthews fairly blinked. The storekeeper's voice was soft, confidential, ingratiating.

"Mr. Fraser and I have come to say that Mr. Matthews is wanted to serve as interpreter for Colonel Cummings."

"Interpreter?" queried Matthews.

A bullet head made itself visible from behind a burly trooper. "Don't let him bluff y', Nick," called a voice.

The other looked round. "Shut y' dyirap, Babe," he commanded.

"Thank you," said Lounsbury pleasantly. "Interpreter is right. Two white women are held as captives in an Uncapapa camp somewhere west of here. It's been learned that you understand and speak the tongue. So we present Colonel Cummings' compliments. He would like very much to have a talk with you at Brannon."

It was a solution to Matthews. "Yes? Yes?" he said quickly enough, then hesitated in suspicion as he measured the storekeeper.

"Oh, I guess I don't want to be no interpreter," he said.

Lounsbury smiled. "Just as you say, just as you say. Boys"—cheerily—"sorry if I cut in at the wrong time. Don't let us stop your fun. Mr. Fraser is not here officially."

A murmur ran around. The disturbing trooper advanced toward Matthews aggressively.

Up went Matthews' hand again. "Just a minute," he said.

The trooper quieted.

Matthews turned to Fraser, mustering an expression of importance.

"Lieutenant," he said, "you give me your word this is so—that there ain't no put up job about it?"

"Put up job?" Fraser reddened, keeping a straight face with difficulty. "I give my word," he said solemnly, "that you're wanted as interpreter and that I'll conduct you safely to headquarters."

Matthews put down the cigar box and saluted.

"Word of an officer," he said, "is different. And if I can do anythin'-long 's it 's ladies"—

He reached to a shelf for his hat.

CHAPTER XII.

THAT night, after Squaw Charley had come and gone, Dallas returned from the lean-to where she had fed and bedded Simon and the team, to find Marylyn before the hearth, her face flushed and wet with tears. Instantly, all concern, the elder girl knelt beside her.

"Marylyn," she begged, smoothing the soft, unbridled hair spread out upon the robe, "Marylyn, what's the matter?"

Marylyn sat upright. "Oh, I'm all right in a minute," she said.

The trooper quieted.

Matthews turned to Fraser, mustering an expression of importance.

"Lieutenant," he said, "you give me your word this is so—that there ain't no put up job about it?"

"Put up job?" Fraser reddened, keeping a straight face with difficulty. "I give my word," he said solemnly, "that you're wanted as interpreter and that I'll conduct you safely to headquarters."

Matthews put down the cigar box and saluted.

"Word of an officer," he said, "is different. And if I can do anythin'-long 's it 's ladies"—

He reached to a shelf for his hat.

CHAPTER XII.

THAT night, after Squaw Charley had come and gone, Dallas returned from the lean-to where she had fed and bedded Simon and the team, to find Marylyn before the hearth, her face flushed and wet with tears. Instantly, all concern, the elder girl knelt beside her.

"Marylyn," she begged, smoothing the soft, unbridled hair spread out upon the robe, "Marylyn, what's the matter?"

Marylyn sat upright. "Oh, I'm all right in a minute," she said.

THE OLD RELIABLE
GILLETT'S LYE
E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
Use Gillett's Lye to MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP and for cleaning and DISINFECTING
Gillett's Lye Protects Your Health and Saves Your Money

"Listen," bade Dallas. "Tell your life have you ever asked me to do anything that I didn't do, or to give you anything that I didn't give if I could? And now something's fretting you. I can't think what it is. But you got to tell me, and I'll help you out."

"No, no!"

"I don't care what it is, I won't blame you. If it's something wrong—why, it couldn't be—I'll forgive you. You know that, Marylyn."

Again "No, no," but with less resistance.

"Tell me," said Dallas firmly.

Marylyn looked up. "You'll hate me if I do," she faltered.

The elder girl laughed fondly. "As if I could."

"You promise not to tell pa?"

"Course I promise."

"Oh, Dallas!" She buried her face in her hands. "It's—it's that I—I like him! I like him!"

A moment of perplexity. Then, gradually, it dawned upon the elder girl whom the other meant. In very surprise her arms loosened their hold. "You do hate me," Marylyn said plaintively.

"No, honey, no—why should I hate you?" Her words were earnest. But her voice—something had changed in it. And she felt a strange hurt, a vague hurt that seemed to have no cause.

Marylyn raised herself on an elbow. "He liked me—once," she said. "He showed it just as plain. It was right here—that day the cattle went by."

Dallas got up. She had begun to tremble visibly. Her breath was coming short, as if she had been running.

But the younger girl did not notice. "He stayed away so long," she went on. "Then, today when he came—you remember, Dallas—he just said a word or two to me and laughed as he used to. I was afraid. And—and I saw that I was wrong, and I—I saw—he liked—you."

"Me!" Dallas turned. She felt the blood come driving into her face. She felt that strange hurt ease and go in a rush of joyful feeling. Then she understood the cause of it and why she had trembled—why that day had been the happiest of her life.

Of a sudden she became conscious that Marylyn's eyes were upon her with a look of pathetic reproach. She began to laugh.

"Nonsense, honey!" she said. "Don't be silly. Me! Why, he'd never like a great big gawk like me!"

"But—but"—

"Me, with my red hair—you know it is kinda red—and my face, sunburned as a' Indian—hands all calloused like—like a man's." She turned back to the dusk through the window. "Oh, no, not me!"

"But you looked so funny just now."

"Did I? Did I?" Dallas stammered out her reason: "Well—well, that was because—because I thought you was going to say it was a soldier." She laughed nervously. "But it was he, Lounsbury you meant, honey, wasn't it?"

The suspicion that had troubled the mind of the younger girl was allayed. "Why, Dallas, how could you think such a thing about me! Like a soldier! My, no! It was Mr. Lounsbury—but he don't like me."

She got up and went to the foot of her father's bunk. When she reappeared she was carrying the soap box that held her belongings. On the robe once more, she took out and held up to the light of the fire two books and a strip of beaded cloth.

The elder left the window and stood beside her.

"There are what he gave me," went on Marylyn, putting forward the books. "And this"—she showed the bead work—"he asked me to make for him. But today," mournfully, "he didn't even think of it."

Dallas leaned down and touched her lips to the other's hair. "Baby sister, what did you expect him to do? Hold up a man with one hand and—and reach out for a present with the other?"

Marylyn put away the box. "Anyway he don't like me."

"Like you? Why, he couldn't help it. There isn't a sweeter, prettier girl on the prairie than my little housekeeper."

"He called me the prairie princess," declared Marylyn, but with lingering doubt.

"Now, that shows," said the elder girl. "Don't you worry another second. When he comes again you'll see."

So Dallas soothed and comforted her until she fell asleep, when she tiptoed her to her father's bed and covered her carefully. Then she drew aside a swinging blanket to let the firelight shine through—and saw that there were still tears on her sister's face.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE medicine lodge of the Indians stood just within the sliding panel of the stockade. Thirty poles, their tops lashed together so as to leave a smoke hole, their bases spread to form a generous circle, supported a covering of tanned buffalo hides seamed with buckskin thongs. Here, barely an hour after Matthews' arrival at Fort Brannon, Squaw Charley entered hastily and thrust some red coals under a stick pile at the center of the lodge. And at once, by the flickering light of his fire, the warriors of the band entered the low entrance and seated themselves in a semicircle.

When Colonel Cummings learned that an interpreter had been found he promptly ordered the completion of preparations for the Jamieson expedition and the calling of a council, unsatisfactory but necessary. The rebellion called to the blockade must be put both the object of the trip and his terms, so that they, realizing their peril, would reveal the whereabouts of the winter camp of the hostiles.

His interview with Matthews threatened a change in his plans. The latter, having listened to the story of the captured women and to the scheme for their rescue, astonished the commanding officer by declining absolutely to take the proposed journey.

"I'd like t' be obligin'," he said, "but I can't go. I didn't know there was goin' t' be any travelin'. There's business that'll keep me here."

"Why, man," cried the colonel, "I've made you a good offer!"

"I ain't a-sayin' y' didn't," was the curt answer.

Colonel Cummings knew to what

(Continued on page 6.)

W. E. N. Sinclair's Address In The Legislature

(Continued from page 1)

Strong Man, a salary greater than the Chief Justice of Ontario, or the Chairman of the Hydro Electric Commission, or the President of Toronto University. Mr. Sinclair outlined the duties of the Strong Man.—1. Put Ontario stores to sell liquor in. 2. Put Ontario's Coat-of-Arms on the store windows. 3. Put rubber stamp on Tory appointees as shop keepers. 4. Decide quantity of liquor permit-holder may have. 5. Give out press interviews.

There was ample proof that the Strong Man had performed the first of these duties because the papers had mentioned from day to day when and where stores had been opened. It was illegal to advertise liquor, but the Strong Man had never failed to advertise the opening of a store.

Mr. Sinclair criticised the use of the Ontario Coat-of-Arms on the liquor store windows. The same Coat-of-Arms which hangs over the Speaker's head when it reads the prayers, is on the window of every liquor store.

As to appointing Tory appointees, Mr. Sinclair showed from the press reports, that at Ottawa, the appointmen had been in the hands of the Tory organization. This drew from the Premier the admission that he himself had solicited men to take these positions.

The Strong Man limits the amount of liquor to each permit-holder. Mr. Sinclair showed that a man in Toronto had 468 quarts order from Nov. 3rd to Jan. 6th, but his permit had not been cancelled. That meant two gallons a day. He was not 100 much, according to the Strong Man.

Mr. Sinclair dealt with the press interviews of the Strong Man. The papers had been full of them. He had used very strong language, expressions such as "absolutely asinine," "bunk," "rot," "lies" had all appeared in the paper, and had been used in reference to reputable people. The Strong Man had been criticised for short weight in his bottles, to the extent to 2½ ounces on a 26½ ounce bottle. This amounted to .37½ cents on a $4.00 purchase, and the Strong Man had become genuinely angry. He had even spoken of wrestling Dewar, the man who made the discovery. The usual practice would be to arrest the man guilty of short weight.

However, the Strong Man had gone for a holiday, just as the Session opened. He had sent off to Bermuda, where he would not hear so much about Liquor Control. One of the other commissioners, he said, had gone down to Ottawa to take his seat in the House, and so the commission was in the hands of one man, as Mr. Sinclair put it, "a three men at $40,00000. The place for the Strong Man during the Session was in the City of Ottawa, at the seat of Government.

Mr. Sinclair then produced nineteen ballot papers from the two candidates on them, and also the name of the printer. They had been found on a street in Ottawa in the May Day of 1927. Mr. Sinclair outlined the law, tracing the paper from the King's Printer to the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery, and from him to the Returning Officer. The Returning Officer takes the paper to a printer to print the ballots. The ballot papers are to be bound in books, and to carry the name of the printer. The printer has to furnish the affidavit showing how many ballots he has printed, and the number supplied. When the Returning Officer gets the ballots from the printer, he has to supply each polling with ballots for his poll. The Voters then get the ballots as required, but cannot take them from the poll. After the poll, the D.R.O. places the cancelled and declined ballots in an envelope, and counts the number of Voters marked on the said sheet with the poll book. Then he opens the box and counts the ballots. The D.R.O. puts all the unused ballots in envelopes, and seals them, and makes out the statement of votes for all candidates. The ballots are to be sealed and put in a box, and the D.R.O. delivers this box to the R.O. The D.R.O. takes an Affidavit that all these steps have been properly taken, and that all the papers used and unused, are in the box. The R.O. has to keep the box safely, and makes an official statement, but does not see the ballots. He makes out his Return, and sends all the documents to the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery, including ballots and everything. They are all put in one big box and sealed by the R.O. The Clerk of the Crown in Chancery has to keep these documents for a year, and can then destroy them. The only opportunity to inspect the ballots is by an Order of a Judge of the Supreme Court, and this Order can be secured only on evidence that the inspection is necessary for the institute a prosecution for an offence in relation to the ballot papers, or for the purpose of a petition questioning an Election.

Mr. Sinclair showed that it was impossible for him to charge any offense because he did not know who had done any wrong, or how the Ballots had come upon the street, and he could not petition against the Election, because the time had elapsed, so the only method left was to bring it to the attention of the Legislature. He had written the Chief Election officer on October 25th, 1927, a few days after he received the ballots and received a reply from the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery directing him to the Statute, which, of course, was of no avail, because, as stated above, the provisions did not apply. Mr. Sinclair wrote the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery on December 5th, and received a reply from the Attorney-General on December 8th, in which it was stated that the ballot papers would be kept. Mr. Sinclair argued that it was necessary to have special legislation for the inspection of these ballots and urged the Government to prepare this legislation, put it through the House, and have a complete scrutiny of all the ballots in South Ottawa, in an effort to find out what had happened.

Mr. Sinclair then referred to the question of Old Age Pensions, the Parliament of Canada had passed an Act in 1927. Its provisions limited the Act to British subjects, 70 years of age, 20 years' residence in Canada, 5 years' residence in Ontario, and an income of less than $365.00 a year. The relief afforded by the Bill was $240.00 a year and this was reduced by the amount of income of the person, over $125.00 a year. Provision was made in the Act that the Pensioner might assign a dwelling house to the Pension Authority, and on the death of the Pensioner, this would be sold and the proceeds go to the pension authority. Provision was also made that pensions' shall be repayable to the Pension Authority as far as it will go. The Province has to undertake the scheme and agree to it after an Agreement is made with the Federal power. The Dominion pays one-half, the Province also one-half. Mr. Sinclair argued that the time had come when the provisions of this Act should be adopted in Ontario. He felt that a pension was due to a Pensioner entitled the Pensioner the same consideration in old age. Work done from day to day was performed as a service to the community and many in their old age did not have much left, if they had raised their families, or by chance had had sickness or accident to take away their small earnings. A dollar a day looked a small amount for anyone to live on, to provide clothing, food and fuel. As these people had worked for the state in their earlier years, so the state should care for them in their old age. The idea is not a novel one, but it is the outcome of progress. It is not charity or pauperism, but a compensation by the state for service which has been rendered. The Federal Government has recognized the right. The Provinces are moving. British Columbia had adopted it; Manitoba and Saskatchewan were considering it, but the Province of Ontario does not enter the scheme. The Speech from the Throne promised a survey, but if the principal is right, and the old people are in need, then the law should be adopted, and the Government should meet the situation. Mr. Ferguson says the Federal Government never asked the Provinces. That seems to be a poor objection to the Act. He says it will cost $5,000,000.00 a year, and that there are 100,000 to 105,000 people over 70 years of age in the Province. The Government must have the information now, without the survey. It lacks the courage to say "No." It lacks the courage to say "Yes." If there are 100,000 aged in Ontario, existing on less than $1.00 a day, Ontario should be ashamed and should adopt the Old Age Pensions Act. But these people must wait, because Premier Ferguson was not consulted by the Ottawa Government.

If Ontario does not accept the plan, it is paying a portion of the plan in the other Provinces, collected through the Federal Treasury.

The time has come, to adopt the principle. 1. Because of generous help from the Federal Treasury. 2. Because humanity demands it. 3. Because people everywhere see the justice of it, and are requesting it.

Mr. Sinclair then moved his amendment to the Address, and concluded his remarks.

TO HELP YOU *with* YOUR INCOME TAX RETURN

TO assist the income tax payers of this community in preparing their returns for the year 1927, due on April 30th next, the Bank of Montreal has issued a new edition of its booklet on

THE CANADIAN
INCOME TAX ACT

This booklet contains the full text of the law as it now appears in the Revised Statutes of Canada, 1927. All the changes to date are incorporated. It also gives clear interpretations and examples. Copies may be obtained without charge on application to our nearest branch.

BANK OF MONTREAL
Established 1817
Total Assets in excess of $850,000,000
Napanee Branch: D. A. B. WITTE, Manager.
Yarker Branch: W. A. REID, Manager.

CROYDON.

Mrs. Abert Hughes went to Ottawa on Tuesday last as a representative from Croydon L.O.B.A. lodge.

Mrs. Charles Williams, Ballahar, has returned to her home, after spending a week with her sister-in-law, Mrs. J. B. Kring.

Miss Maggie Close, Sr., is visiting friends at Tamworth.

Mr. Neal Hannah is holidaying at W. J. Galbraith's.

Mr. Will Donevan and son, Clarence have returned to their home in New York State, after spending five weeks with friends at Tamworth, Centreville and Croydon.

Mr. Harry Doupe has finished sawing wood for the farmers in this vicinity.

Mr. Robert McGregor is busy getting building material and everything in shape for remodeling his house as soon as the weather permits.

Mr. A. B. Close spent a few days recently with her father, Mr. George Black, Camden East.

SPENDS LIFE AMONG LEPERS.

Founder of First Japanese Hospital for Lepers an Englishwoman.

Almost unknown outside the country where her work has lain, there is in Japan an Englishwoman who has spent nearly the whole of her life among lepers.

She founded the first hospital—the Hospital for the Resurrection of Hope—for the treatment of lepers in Japan, and conducts it on self-governing Christian lines. She herself designed the church, which is connected with the Holy Catholic Church of Japan.

The name of Miss Riddell, says Edith Gittings Reid in an article in St. Martin's Review, is well loved and honored throughout Japan.

"The Hospital of the Resurrection of Hope, at Kumomoto (a garrison town in the south of Japan), is the work of a great woman," says the writer.

"Many of the patients are without hands or eyes, all slowly dying with a loathsome disease; but they were surrounded by beauty and love and intelligent care.

"Where barren acres that Miss Riddell put her all into are now beautified with trees, most of which she herself planted; there is a radiant flower garden in which the lepers work, and as you pass from house to house (for it is built on the cottage plan) you are never away from the beauty of nature."

Not a single case of contagion has occurred among the doctors, nurses and attendants during its existence of some thirty-six years.

On the Isle of Wight.

The New York authorities are said to be seriously concerned over the congestion of the business quarter, where it is reckoned that "there's not standing room for a quarter of the people in the skyscrapers," says a writer in the London Observer. Yet here is no real danger, even in the most populous countries of having to walk on one another's heads. One can always recall the consoling calculation that there is standing room on the Isle of Wight for the entire population of the globe. It would be a tight fit—about four persons to the square yard—but it could be managed.

Foch on sleep.

Marshal Foch is among the world's great men who have the faculty of closing their minds at will to big problems and sleeping serenely. He declares that he has escaped injury in the events he has experienced he has never felt worn out. He has always slept well, and even if he were awakened by a subordinate who wanted to enquire about an order, he could go to sleep again immediately afterwards.

Ode to a Lion.

To prove his theory that animals can be conquered by appealing to their artistic sense, M. Louis Baigas, a French poet, goes into a cage of African lions at the Cirque de Paris every night and reads his odes to them. So far he has escaped injury. He gives the fees he receives for his performance to charity.

Novel Cure for Whooping Cough.

Airplane trips are the novel cure for whooping cough "discovered" by a German doctor; the young patients were taken for cruises of an hour each at a height of 10,000 feet.

The Plow Woman

(Continued from page 5)

"business" he referred, but realized that a discussion of it would not aid in bringing the desired consent. He pretended to guess at reasons for the refusal.

"There's scarcely a possibility of trouble during the journey," he said. "Indians don't like to fight in the snow, especially when their families are with them and their war ponies are feeding on cottonwood bark. Besides, their head chief will be sharp enough to see that he'll have to treat and not fight if he wants to save the necks of his favorites. Then, as far as the safety and comfort of my men are concerned, everything is being done. Better reconsider, Matthews."

"Can't do it."

Colonel Cummings left his library, where he had been talking, and sought Lounsbury's advice. The two held a short whispered conversation in the entry.

"Let me have a few words with him," said the storekeeper. Matthews' balking was not altogether a surprise. Nevertheless it was a keen disappointment. He had hoped to be able to send Squaw Charley across the river soon with good news. "Let me see him. Maybe I can bring him around."

They entered the library.

"Matthews," began Lounsbury, "you might as well go along. If you stay you can't get a hold o' that claim." He looked at the colonel's clock. "It's midnight. Your six months are up. If you did have a chance it's gone. Possession 's nine points in law, and Lancaster 's up at Bismarck nailing the tenth."

If the storekeeper's blunt assertions were of any particular interest to the other he failed to show it. He occupied himself with finding a cigar, cutting it carefully and lighting it at the stove. Then he turned about to Colonel Cummings, his glance as it traveled utterly ignoring Lounsbury.

"Not to mention the risks you run with the boys," added the storekeeper easily, amused by the play of indifference.

"Oh, I guess Shanty Town can take keer of itself," observed Matthews, sending up smoke rings.

Lounsbury walked out.

There was but one thing left for Colonel Cummings to do. Ask the man to interpret in the medicine lodge, that at least the Indians might learn their position. Knowing it, they might be prevailed upon to select one of their own number to accompany the expedition and repeat the terms. The commanding officer, rather provoked at Lounsbury, who, he thought, had harmed and not helped his cause, immediately suggested this course to Matthews.

"I can parley-voo for you there, all right," agreed Matthews patronizingly. "But how you goin'?"

"You and I alone."

Matthews stared. "Carry any guns?" he asked.

"Not when I go into the stockade. The Indians are without weapons. And I like to show them that I trust them."

The other laughed. "You go t' tell some redskins that they 's goin' t' be strung up and y' don't take no gun. Well, not for me, colonel!"

"Then we'll have a guard."

"O. K. I'm with you."

A scout who understood the sign language was dispatched to the stockade. And by the time the braves were settled down before the blaze Colonel Cummings, Matthews and a detail of armed men were before the aperture of the medicine lodge.

The soldiers waited outside the big wigwam, where they made themselves comfortable by moving up and down. Their commanding officer and the interpreter went in. At their appearance the warriors rose gravely, shook hands and motioned the white men to take seats upon a robe placed at Lame Foot's right hand. The air in the lodge was already beginning to thicken with kinnikinick and fire smoke. The mingled smell of tobacco and skins made it nauseating. Colonel Cummings would gladly have loosed his errand. But Indian etiquette forbade haste. He was forced to contain himself and let the council proceed with customary and exasperating slowness.

The first step was the pipe. A young Sioux applied a burning splinter to a sandstone bowl and handed the long stem to the medicine man. His nostrils filled he gave the pipe to Colonel Cummings, from whom in turn it passed to Matthews, Standing Buffalo, Canada John and thence along the curving line of warriors. When all had smoked the bowl was once more filled and lighted, and once more it was sent from hand to hand. Not until this ceremony had been repeated many times did the council come to speech.

But neither the commanding officer nor his interpreter made the first address. Though the braves guessed that something unusual had brought about an assembly at this hour and though their curiosity on the subject was childishly live, they surpassed their captor in patience. Stolidly they looked on while Lame Foot rose to his feet.

The war priest was not the figure that had led the band south after the battle—not the haughty, stately brave that the sentimentalist loves to picture. He was feathered and streaked as before. A stone mallet hung from his belt. But he wore no string of bears' claws. They had gone the way of the sutler, which was a tasty way, strewn with bright labeled but aged canned goods. And as for his embroidered shirt, it was much soiled and worn, and he had so gained in weight—through plentiful food and lack of exercise—that he pressed out upon it deplorably with a bulging paunch.

Pompously, but using no gestures or inflections, he began a rambling, lengthy account of his past deeds of valor. From these he finally swerved to the recital of his people's wrongs. He climaxed after an interminable amount of talking with a boast that awakened the hearty opprobation of his sloven fellows. "We but wait for spring?" asked Lame Foot, whose guile made up for his physical defect.

The others studied Colonel Cummings' face as the question was put to him. They saw the purpose—postponement, which might bring freedom for them and also a retention of the captive women.

The colonel's answer did not need interpreting. "No!" he said and struck his knees with his open palms.

"Why should two squaws matter?" asked Shoot-at-the-Tree. "Are there not many everywhere? We will give the white chief some of our ponies."

"Your ponies foated, belly up, down the river moons ago," said Matthews.

Twenty pairs of eyes sparkled with hate. That was news indeed!

Lame Foot spoke again. There was a mathematical phase of the terms which troubled him. "Why should four die for two?" he demanded. "Among the whites has a squaw the value of two soldiers?"

Matthews answered gravely that it was so. The brave snorted contemptuously.

Canada John shook his head. "Thus comes much evil because we shot the pinto buffalo."

At that point the hoof sheaths that trimmed a rope near the entrance rattled. The semicircle craned their necks. A plump hand was pulling aside the flap of the lodge. Then through the low aperture and into the light of the fire stepped an Indian woman. She flung back a head shawl and faced Colonel Cummings. She was older and more solid than formerly. Her full cheeks shone like the bulging sides of a copper kettle. But her spirit was little changed. She waited no invitation to speak. She paused for no words. In her earnestness she leaned forward a little.

"Brown Mink is young," she said. "She is but an unfledged crane walking in strange waters. But she speaks with the voice of her father, your mighty chief that was. Canada John talks straight. One of a double tongue must go. The white chief is very angry. So that he plucks the hairs from his hands. The squaws must be brought back or four braves will be choked by ropes. But who can make things smooth? Only the Double Tongue. Promise him much—promise to help him drive the chief from his land."

Matthews straightened up.

She put out one arm and measured a small length with it. "When our warriors come thus short a space will it take to rid the land," she said. And was gone before any could answer.

There was a long "Ho-o-o!" of assent.

"What's this all about?" asked Colonel Cummings.

"She wants me t' go," said Matthews.

"Well, so do I."

The Indians conferred among themselves. Suddenly, as if they had reached a decision, they fell silent and settled back. Lame Foot spoke.

"In the moon of wild strawberries," he said, "the sun is warm and the grass is growing." He turned to the interpreter. "Ask our brothers to send the women, then, and follow them. We shall go free, and as we go we shall free the land."

"But if your brothers cannot come?" said Matthews.

Lame Foot answered. "The white chief will send us to Standing Rock agency. From there braves will go out to hunt—and arrows fly silently. There is good in the two tips. These bite like the rattlesnake"—

Matthews rubbed his chin. He knew that what Lounsbury had told him in the colonel's library was true. All legal and moral claims to the valuable town site across the river were gone. He could secure the land only by underhand means. And here were those who would do what he dared not.

"They make a strong bargain," continued Lame Foot, "and no one finds the arrow."

Colonel Cummings was growing impatient. "Interpret, interpret," he ordered.

"They think it's all up with 'em if I don't go," said Matthews. He looked down thoughtfully. The trip would be a comparatively short one and offered good reward. Whatever happened, if the Indians kept their word with him, he would have both the pay and the land.

"Will they tell me where the camp is?" asked the colonel.

Matthews met his eye. "Ye-e-s," he answered, "if I go." He addressed the warriors: "If your promise is a promise"—

An old chief caught his arm. "We are not liars," he said.

"It is a task for a child," added Lame Foot.

"Enough," answered Matthews. To Colonel Cummings he said, "I'm your man, sir."

"Good!"

Then the interpreter and the Indians, with the commanding officer unwittingly taking the part, sealed their compact in a pipe of peace.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE green pung was ten miles or more beyond Clark's before the section boss recovered appreciably from his long sulk. "What d' y' s'pose Lounsbury reckoned could happen t' my gals?" he demanded of David Bond.

The evangelist shook the reins at Shadrach. "A storm, cold, want," he replied. "There are many evils that might befall two young women alone in a shanty on the prairie."

"Waal, nothin' 's ever happened t' 'em before," declared Lancaster. But he whistled to stay a change in good fortune and rapped the wood of the wagon box with his bare knuckles.

David Bond busied himself with urging on his horse. "God will watch over them," he said devoutly. "Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep."

The section boss sniffed. Sure of the safe trend of his affairs, he was in a mood to scoff at any religious allusion. Reverence with him was entirely a matter of urgent physical need. He had called to his Maker but twice in his life—once when an ugly tempered peon threatened him with a spade, again when, falling from his swiftly moving flat car, he felt the heavy wheels grinding him flesh and bone.

"Storm kain't tech th' shack," he said proudly. "She's built like a ship, t' stan' any win'. She's warm, too, an' that Injun he brings us plenty o' wood. An' they 's grub 'nough t' las'."

The evangelist was politely attentive.

"They 's jes' one man thet might come botherin' 'em," Lancaster went on. "But 'tain't likely he'll see these parts before spring. An' Ah don' b'lieve he'll come then."

David Bond set his brows together. The previous night an unshaped thought had made him pause a second before leaving Dallas. Now that thought became a suspicion—and a pigion of the real truth. "A man?" he said questioningly. "A man?"

Being thus prompted on the subject of the claim, Lancaster was willing to proceed. For he had no secret that he was obeying Dallas. "Ah'm speakin' of a man thet filed on my section in July," he said. "His six months is up t'day. So Ah reckon he'll bet t' work a new piece of track. For Ah hinter'd hang on t' thet quarter—it's goin' t' be worth a pile."

The evangelist threw him a swift glance. "What is the name of that man?" he asked.

"Ah dunno. Ah clean gone an' f'got it. Ah ought t' wrote it down"—

"Would you know it if you heard it?"

"Wy, yes—'twas some ornery name."

"Was it—was it Matthews?"

Complete bewilderment spoke from Lancaster's wide open eyes and mouth. He whirled about upon the evangelist and seized the reins. Shadrach came to a squatting stop, his ears turning round to catch a command. "Thet's it! Thet's it!" cried the section boss. "An' how d' you know?"

The evangelist looked at each other in silence. Lancaster's face was dark with distrust; David Bond's pale with alarm.

"How?" exclaimed the latter, when his tongue at last answered his will. "How? Because Matthews came north with me yesterday."

If Shadrach possessed the sense his master claimed for him he must have concluded then and there that the human beings in the pung had gone stark mad. For after some excited shouting, the one to the other, they brought him square about and sent him scurrying back toward Brannon.

They did not retrace their way, but steered due south, thus saving the few miles that could take them again through Clark's. Shadrach approved the change in direction, which pointed to a living corner beside the friendly bull calf, and fairly skimmed the hard snow. He had already gone forty long miles since morning. Yet, undaunted, he took up the return with good zest, holding a smart pace until they had breathed deep, and his long Roman nose—thrust out on a line with his rocking back—smoked like an eager charger's.

In the first half hour that followed the evangelist's disquieting admission he listened to a wild, profane tirade—against himself for having failed to speak of Matthews, against Dallas for being in such a tarnal hurry, against Lounsbury on general principles. The section boss found only one person wholly exempt from blame—himself. So he cursed, threatened, he wrung his hands, he grabbed a crutch and, leaning forward, poked the straining flanks of the white horse.

"Gentle, gentle," admonished David Bond. "He goes fastest who goes steadily. I have driven Shadrach thirty miles in twenty-two hours. And if we are patient with him now he will get us home by revelle."

But Lancaster only groaned unprofanely and continued to ply the crutch.

On they went. As the short day faded and darkness came they steered farther to the left for there was a possible danger of pitching into the river bank. When they approached the coulee the same peril again met them. Shadrach, however, insured them against accident. He struck his own trail and knew it. At once he quickened his speed, pulling the reins taut. Behind him his master, though utterly wearied, kept awake to watch their course and commend him kindly. Not so the section boss. His anger finally spent, he put up his crutch and made himself comfortable. Then, swaying as the pung swayed, he slept.

Far away at Fort Brannon the coun cil was at an end. Lanterns were whisking to and fro like giant light ning bugs about the long garrison granary and the quartermaster and commissary warehouse, where wagons were being loaded with tents, ammunition, rations and forage—enough for six days. The library window at headquarters was bright. Colonel Cummings and a surgeon were respectively commanding and persuading young Jamieson to await his mother and sister at the post. Nick Matthews, attended by a watchful sergeant, was having his hair cut by the citizen barber; while Lounsbury, too joyfully excited to sleep, was in the sutler's billiard room giving Fraser, who was about to depart with the expedition, a sympathetic history of the Lancasters—a history in which Marylyn was shrewdly made the daisy-central figure.

At 5 o'clock, everything being in readiness, a liveller activity prevailed. The sergeant's cook was routed from bed and fortified with a hot breakfast. By 6 "boots and saddles" had sounded. And soon the detachment—protected from the cold by blanket coats and with black cuffles burning down the whole length of its double line—was leading the wagon train at a good jog toward the west.

The men went gladly, accepting the long ride as a welcome relief to the stagnation of a garrison winter. To them the possible dangers of the trip were a mere matter of course, though Guy V. Henry's march of a twelve-month before—a terrible march from Fort Robinson into the Black Hills—was fresh in their memory. Captain Oliver commanded. B troop being his own. He was a brave man, but one who let his heart's influence his better judgment, who was neither as acute as a soldier should be nor as cautious Yet his commanding officer selected him for the duty—the choice insured his remaining with the section boss on the dirt floor, she heard her father's voice urging the white horse on. She did not understand the quick return, but prepared for it by building up the fire and swinging the coffee pail into place.

The old men heard her stirring before they stepped from the sleigh. The evangelist as he listened thanked his God for the consistency of the section boss. On the contrary, was made so angry by the recital of Matthews' attack that he called down every manner of punishment upon the latter and reveled in gruesome plans for a sweet revenge.

"Jes' let thet sculnawg cr'll again," he cried, shaking a crutch toward Shanty Town. "Ah ain't much on my laigs these days, but Ah'm right good with my pistol arm!"

"Without his arm"— began David Bond.

A wondering cry from Dallas stopped him. He turned to see her pointing at the northern sky.

A strange, weird light was creeping up from the horizon and tinting the heavens. A flimy veil was mounting the zenith and swinging gently. Swiftly the glory grew. The veil became a curtain of wavering yellow-green, edged with royal purple and faint rose and lined here with orange, there with green, again with delicate pink.

Changes followed. Green, gold and blue lightning darted from plain to sky, trailing fainter colors that danced giddily, and the sheet of living flame took form. It became a huge clinched fist, resting upright upon the lighted prairie. About it, in a sky made darker by contrast, gleamed the scattered stars. Then, one by one, quivering fingers of light shot forth from the fist, until at length over the little shack was outspread a palm downward, a shimmering giant hand.

To the evangelist, watching the aurora with upturned face, the hand was deified. "It is a divine manifestation!" he whispered reverently. "It brings a message, 'Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night nor for the arrow that flieth by day.'"

CHAPTER XV.

WHILE David Bond and Dallas were taking Shadrach from the pung a boot crunched the snow behind them. They turned, and there was Lounsbury, fully bursting to tell his good news.

When he had told it he was anxious to get away again, for by a quick retreat the two girls might be saved the knowledge of the Clark episode, and he a very probable second insult. But the evangelist, having no wish to tattle about Lancaster, yet hoping that the elder girl would learn what her father had done and administer a deserved rebuke, urged him in.

The storekeeper did not consent to enter the shack, however, until Dallas added her invitation, and then he went reluctantly. He was accustomed to courtesy from the frontier. The plains bred men that he knew instinctively took him at his real valuation and treated him accordingly. The men of a more conventional strata (the professional men of Bismarck and those who officered at the posts up and down the river) freely bestowed their friendship upon him. The lawless element respected him, too, and showed that respect by letting him severely alone. He shrank from placing himself where a man like Lancaster—crippled, old and therefore beyond disciplining—could have the chance to repeat an affront. And he shrank at the thought of a clash—it meant pain for two helpless women. Nevertheless he yielded.

The streamers were gone from the sky by then. They had faded as quickly as they had come. Once more, under a dome of cobalt, the river flowed black between its fringe of trees and the prairie stretched white and still.

A bright fire and a swinging coffee pail welcomed the three as the door swung wide, and the section boss, who was urging Marylyn to "rustle some grub," turned with a testy word. But he fell silent when he saw Lounsbury and edged into the dusky shelter of the hearthside.

The storekeeper nodded to him, shook hands absently with the young men and took a bench. His face looked less full than usual and was lighted by no hearty smiles.

Little was said until breakfast was ready—a quick breakfast of bacon, pone and coffee. The three men warmed themselves. The girls moved between fireplace and table. But when the plates were set and the coffee poured David Bond asked for the story of Matthews' failure. In the affair at the saloon, the meeting with Colonel Cummings and the council. Dallas and Marylyn heard it from where they stood together, before the blaze. Lancaster heard it, though he pretended not to, eating and drinking the while with angry smacks.

Lounsbury paid no attention to the section boss—in fact, before his recital was done, he had forgotten him. He talked quietly and without boasting, his face now turned to David Bond, now to the girls.

"And you think," said the evangelist, when the story was finished, "you think that Matthews will drop his claim to the bend?"

Lounsbury arose as if to go, and for the first time since his entrance looked squarely at Lancaster. "This is what I think," he answered. "In Dakota, if a man jumps land that hasn't been improved, all he's got to do is to hang on to it—don't have to rassle with any fence at all. This far west of stuffed chairs there's a whole lot of public sentiment." He crossed the room and picked up coat and cap.

"Of course," added David Bond, "following the law would strengthen the case."

"Of course."

The section boss adjusted his crutches and stood up. "You-all seem t' be settlin' 't 'bout any o' my lip," he said and laughed mockingly.

"We have your interests at heart," replied the storekeeper.

Lancaster ground his teeth. Now that all danger was past he felt no gratitude for the routing of Matthews and the strategy at the Trooper's Delight. He could only feel that his authority in his own home was threatened. He turned his back.

Lounsbury glanced at the girls. They were watching their father appealingly

"I should say," went on Lounsbury, "that we have the interests of your daughters at heart." His hand reached for the latch.

"Mr. Lounsbury!" Dallas made a swift step toward him.

Now the section boss came about. Lounsbury was reminded of the day on the plowed strip, for he saw that Lancaster was all a-tremble and panting as if spent with a hard run. "M'gal!" he cried sternly.

Dallas stepped back and touched her father's arm. And her remonstrance was the remonstrance of that other day. "No, no, dad," she cautioned in a low voice; "no, no."

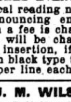
Lancaster's breast heaved. He swallowed, with no effort and scowled from one to another of the four.

David Bond came forward, addressing Lounsbury. "Will you tell me your name?" he asked "I want to remember you. You are not a soldier. Do you belong at Trail's"—

"Did y' size him up fer a cow punch?" demanded Lancaster. "Huh! Waal, Ah never did."

To be Continued.

Cook's Regulating Compound



A safe, reliable regulating medicine. Sold in three sizes: No. 1, strength—No. 1, $1; No. 2, $3; No. 3, $5 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: The COOK MEDICINE CO. TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor)

23-1-7

THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

E. J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

All local reading notices or notices announcing entertainments at which a fee is charged for admission, will be charged 5c. per line for insertion, if in ordinary type. In black type the price will be 10c. per line each insertion.

Phones—Office 46, Residence 125
Office—Dundas St., NAPANEE

U. M. WILSON,
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public crown Attorney, Clerk of the Peace.
Phones—Office 46, Residence 125
Office—Dundas St., NAPANEE

E. & J. HARDY & CO.
Advertising Contractors and News Correspondents
Fleet St., London, E.C., England.

A file of this paper can be seen free of charge by visitors to London, to whom advice gratis will be given, if required.

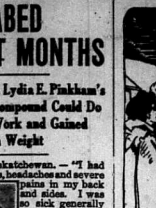
W. G. WILSON,
Barrister,
Solicitor, Notary Public, Conveyancer, Etc.
P. O. Box 620. Telephone No. 8
OFFICE—North Side Dundas St., Napanee, Ont.

HERRINGTON, WARNER & GRANGE
Barristers, Etc.
MONEY TO LOAN AT LOW RATE
Office—Warner Block, Opposite Post Office.

T. B. GERMAN
Barrister and Solicitor
MONEY TO LOAN AT LOWEST RATES
OFFICE: Grange Block, 60 John Street, Napanee
26m

WRIGLEY'S
Outdoors or indoors—whatever your task.
Let WRIGLEY'S refresh you—allay your thirst, aid appetite and digestion.
Helps keep teeth clean.
After Every Meal
WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT CHEWING GUM
CT 12

He used few words, but they were forcible.



One by one quivering fingers of light shot forth.

SICK ABED EIGHT MONTHS

After Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Could Do All Her Work and Gained in Weight

Melfort, Saskatchewan. — "I had inward troubles, headaches and severe pains in my back, legs and sides. I was so sick generally that I could not sit up and I was in bed most of the time for eight months. My aunt came to visit and help me as I was unable to attend to my baby and could not do my work. She told me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and after taking two bottles I could get up and dress myself. I also took Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Medicine. When I first took the medicine I only weighed seventy-eight pounds. Now I weigh one hundred as much. If I get out of sorts or weary and can't sleep I always take another bottle of the Vegetable Compound. I find it wonderfully good for female troubles, and have recommended it to my neighbors. I will be only too glad to answer any letters I receive asking about it."—Mrs. WILLIAM RITCHIE, Box 486, Melfort, Saskatchewan.

FOR NEURITIS

BAYER ASPIRIN

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Neuritis Colds Headache Lumbago
Neuralgia Pain Toothache Rheumatism

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe — Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin (Copyright of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid (Acetyl Salicylic Acid, "A. S. A."). While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

GET IT AT
WALLACE'S

We have the Best Grades of
RED AND WHITE CEDAR SHINGLES
Always in Stock
The Most Lasting Roof.
Robert Light
Lumber and Millwork
Telephone 53. Napanee, Ont.

C.P.R. Seed Train Tours West

Upper—Specially-fitted lecture car used by the Canadian Pacific on the Forage Crop and Better Seed Grain Train. Windows of the coach are equipped with colored transparent photographs depicting various phases of farming activities. Lower right—The Hon. C. M. Hamilton, Minister of Agriculture, second from the left in the photograph, was opened the Better Seed Grain Train, photographed with F. Hadley Auld, Deputy Minister of Agriculture (left); D. T. Elderkin, manager Eastern Lines; the Exhibition Association, second from the right; and Dr. Wm. Williams, representative of the Canadian Pacific Agricultural Department. Lower left—Interior view of one of the cars containing seed cleaning machinery.

With a view to further promoting the best use of seeds and obtaining first-class results in addition to educating the farmers as to how to overcome seed grain and forage crop difficulties, the Canadian Pacific Railway has again placed a touring demonstration train on their lines, which visits all important farming centres in the West, Prairie Provinces and part of the East.

This train went into service at the latter end of last month, the opening being attended by a representative gathering of government officials and members of the Saskatchewan Wheat Producers. The value of such a train was stressed by the Hon. C. M. Hamilton, Saskatchewan Minister of Agriculture, who urged the farmers to make the best possible use of this splendid advantage offered by the railway. In addition to the lecture car, the train consists of two baggage cars carrying a number of seed cleaning machines and others to be used in demonstrating seed and smut treatment. Dairying will also be featured throughout the tour, lectures in this connection being given by R. B. Vogne, government dairy promoter.

In the towns already visited, the train has been greeted with enthusiasm with the farmers displaying an eagerness which speaks highly of the reputation of the seed and forage crop demonstration train. It is operated in conjunction with the University and extension service of the Saskatchewan provincial government, with all care having been equipped at the Weston Shops of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Winnipeg. Several of the cars are provided with motor-driven cleaning machinery of various types, while other cars are fitted with motion picture accessories for the showing of various phases of grain activities, with still others for the purpose of exhibiting grain and grasses.

The entire train is opened for inspection at the various stops, demonstrators being on board to explain the entire exhibit and to give advice on important points in seed selection.

DRYBURGH ABBEY

Last Resting-Place of Britain's Great Soldier, Field Marshal Earl Haig.

This short sketch from Black's Guide to Scotland (1869) may be of interest to Canadians, containing, as it does, a history of Dryburgh Abbey, the last resting-place of Britain's great soldier, the late Field Marshal Earl Haig, writes a correspondent to the Toronto Globe:

Dryburgh Abbey was founded about the year 1150, during the reign of David I., by Hugh de Moreville, Lord of Lauderdale, Constable of Scotland, upon a richly wooded haugh, round which the Tweed makes a circuitous sweep, site supposed to have been originally a place of Druidical worship. The monks were of the Premonstratensian Order, and were brought from the abbey founded at Alnwick, a short time before.

Edward II. in retreat from his unsuccessful invasion of Scotland, 1322, encamped in the grounds of Dryburgh, and burned the monastery to the ground. Robert I. contributed liberally toward its repair, but it has been doubted whether it was ever fully restored to its original magnificence.

The abbey, like that of Melrose, consists of a church in the usual form of a cross, and an adjoining monastery. They are built of the same stone (taken from a quarry on the estate), possessing the remarkable property of hardening with age.

The architecture is of various periods, and displays both Norman and English architecture. The principal remains of the church are the western gable of the nave, the chapter house and St. Moden's Chapel, the ends of the transept, and part of the choir and monastery.

Opposite the door by which tourists are introduced to the ruins is a yew-tree, as old as the abbey. A double circle on the floor of the chapter house marks the burial place of the founder. St. Catharine's circular window, 12 feet in diameter, and much overgrown with ivy, is a beautiful feature of this part of the ruins.

The nave of the church is 190 feet long by 75 feet broad, and under the high altar James Stuart (of the Darnley family), the last abbot, is buried. The refectory or great dining-room of the monks occupied the whole front of the abbey, facing the south. This was 120 feet long by 30 feet broad, and 60 feet high. Beneath it are the wine and almonry cellars.

St. Mary's Aisle, at once the most beautiful and interesting part of the ruin, contains the remains of Sir Walter Scott, who was interred here on Sept. 26, 1832, in the tomb of his ancestors, the Haliburtons of Newmains, at one time proprietors of the abbey. On one side is the tomb of his wife, on the other that of his eldest son, Sir W. Scott. His son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart, was also buried in the same place in 1854. Adjoining it, in the same aisle, are the burial places of the Erskines of Sheffield and the Haigs of Bemerside. In St. Moden's Chapel lie several members of the Buchan family. In the immediate vicinity of the abbey is the Mansion House of Dryburgh, surrounded by stately trees.

In a house within the grounds once resided Ebenezer and Ralph Erskine, two eminent Scottish divines, with whom originated the first secession from the Established Church of Scotland. On a rocky eminence overlooking the river, on the part of the estate called Dryburgh Mains, is a rude colossal statue of the Scottish patriot, Wallace. A few miles down the Tweed is Mertoun House, the seat of Lord Polwarth. In 1544 the abbey was again destroyed by a hostile incursion of English, under Sir George Bowes and Sir Brian Latoun. In 1604 James VI. granted Dryburgh Abbey to John, Earl of Mar, and he afterwards erected it into a temporal lordship and peerage, with the title of Lord Cardross, conferring it over to his third son, Henry, ancestor of David, ninth Earl of Buchan. The abbey was subsequently sold to the Halliburtons of Mertoun, and by them to Col. Todd, from whose heirs it was repurchased by David Stewart, eleventh Earl of Buchan.

On the earl's death, in 1829, it passed by deed of entail to his son Sir David Erskine, and in 1837 to his nephew, Henry David, twelfth Earl of Buchan, on whose decease, in 1857, it descended to his grandaughter, the Hon. Mrs. Biber-Erskine of Dryburgh, only surviving child of the late earl's eldest son, Lord Cardross, who predeceased his father in 1836.

A TALK ON TEA.

Fashions in Tea Change With the Years.

"In Victorian days green teas were very popular, but to-day in England there is very little sale for them. Blended varieties of teas have the biggest sales," says a writer in an English trade journal.

"For districts where the water is very hard special South Indian teas are sold. These are softer to the palate and thicker than other types and the flavor is brought out most successfully by the hard water.

"A popular tea with people who invariably want a second cup is a blend of Assam, Ceylon, and South Indian varieties. This has a small leaf and little tannin and, when a second supply of water is poured on the tea still retains its strength and good color.

"An unusual tea which is sold to South Africans resident in England is South African bush tea. It is made from twigs of shrubs which, in appearance, resemble English gorse or furze, and is similar to the South American mate. It has a herby flavor and is very refreshing. In Africa and South America it is very popular in the extremely hot weather and is the staple drink served cold in glasses to travellers.

"A choice China tea is given the Chinese name for 'black dragon,' and in reality comes from the Japanese island of Formosa.

"There is imported for breakfast use a special type of China tea that is not too highly scented, the richer teas being preferred for afternoon tea. A popular China type is one that comes from the Keemun district.

"Tea dust is used largely by institutions where an urn is employed, because the dust infuses more quickly than the leaves. It is a cheap variety, but quite good value, because it is made up of the small particles left in the kilns in which the good quality teas have been dried or fired."

FEATS OF SOMNAMBULISTS.

Irishman Swam Two Miles Down a River While Asleep.

Some of the feats of somnambulists are so strange that they almost surpass belief.

A tale is told of an Irishman who swam more than two miles down a river, got ashore, and was subsequently discovered sleeping by the roadside, unconscious of the extraordinary feat he had accomplished.

A young student of Wurtemberg used to play hide-and-seek while fast asleep. His fellow-students knew of his habit, and when he began walking threw bolsters after him, which he always eluded, jumping over bedsteads and other obstacles in his way.

A girl given to sleep-walking was in the habit of imitating the violin with her lips, giving the preliminary tuning and scraping and flourishing with the utmost fidelity. It puzzled her doctor until he learned that when an infant the girl lived in a room adjoining a fiddler, who often performed upon his instrument within her hearing.

NOTHING NEW.

Pneumatic Tire Was Invented as Early as 1845.

Many of the secrets of the Patent Office were given up when Mr. A. A. Gomme, Librarian of the British Patent Office, lectured before the Institute of Patentees at the Caxton Hall on the material contained in the library, says the London Morning Post.

The pneumatic tire, he showed, was invented as early as 1845, but proved unwanted until the arrival of the fast-moving bicycle; the fountain pen was patented in 1809, but found little acceptance, and roller skates were invented in 1823, but the bad state of the roads prevented their being appreciated.

After referring to these and similar inventions, Mr. Gomme said: "A keen observer of present-day tendencies in social and industrial affairs might obtain from these old records many ideas, which, reintroduced under more suitable conditions and with all the improvements in construction and detail made possible by the greater resources we have at our disposal to-day, could be put into successful practice with less trouble and at an earlier date than if they had to be thought out ab initio."

To define what could be patented was difficult, but, briefly, any article might be patented that was novel, useful, not illegal, and that was a saleable commodity. Thus, it was not possible to patent a system of bookkeeping or a process for disguising cubes as tobacco.

Many valuable discoveries had never been patented, and Mr. Gomme gave as examples the wheel, the screw, the mariner's compass, printing, paper, gunpowder and spectacles. A knowledge of the literature in the Patent Office library, he said, would enable the reader to detect the fallacy of such popular notions as that James Watt invented the steam engine, or George Stephenson the locomotive, or Fulton the steamboat, Galileo the telescope, Faraday the electro-magnet, or Marconi wireless telegraphy.

Careful research would reveal such facts as that the roll-top desk was described in 1772 and safety razors in 1762, while the taximeter went back to the beginning of our era. "There was," he said, "a loudspeaker in 1671 and a diving bell in 1664, and a telescope in 1702."

"MY BEAUTIFUL FISH!"

How Eskimo Swain Conveys Sentiments to Maids.

North of the Arctic Circle a love-sick swain makes a bid for fame with the maid of his choice by serenading with a ballad entitled, "My Girl is Like a Fish."

That is the name of one of the most popular of Alaskan Indian love songs, recorded for the first time by two members of the faculty of the Rockefeller Conservatory of Music, Geo. Leighton and Rudolph Thomas are setting down the folk tunes and love songs of the Far North to preserve them for posterity.

"The Alaskan Indian youth who sang that song found it impossible to compare the charm of his sweetheart with anything he knew except what he called the beauty of the vari-colored fish that inhabit nearby waters, John Fredson, Alaskan Indian, explained. "The girl, of course, recognized the unusual compliment and felt the warmth of her admirer's love for her."

Fredson, visiting Cincinnati at the home of a former missionary in Alaska, was persuaded to play the unrecorded Indian folk tunes on his violin, to aid the work in particular elements of rhythmic tappings of his bow in simulating drum beats. Dr. Leighton and Mr. Thomas wrote down the melodies.

Fredson wrote a description of each of the songs, none of which contains words, for each singer makes up his own words to aid his particular feelings and the occasion. Names of the tunes include "Down the Yukon," "Aurora Borealis," and "Don't Leave Me." As they were translated by Fredson, who is student at the University of the South, in Tennessee.

TO STOP TRAINS.

Automatic System Installed Said to Be Quite Successful.

A new device for stopping trains automatically is about to be installed on the Berlin-Dresden line in Germany.

The new device is worked by an electric-magnetic system, one magnet being attached to the train beside the first semaphore, or warning signal, and the principal semaphore, while the other is affixed to the locomotive. Approaching the warning signal, the engineer can disconnect the locomotive's magnet by means of a simple lever, failing to do so, however, the brakes are automatically applied about a quarter of a mile before the principal semaphore, when the locomotive cannot be started again until the engineer gets off and operates a releasing device attached to the semaphore. Neither snow, ice nor any other foreign substance can diminish the electro-magnetic power of this device which therefore can never become clogged as other mechanically operated contrivances.

World's Most Powerful Station.

Germany possesses by far the most powerful radio transmitting station in the world. It is situated at Zeesen, about 20 miles from Berlin. The station has the tremendous energy of 120 kilowatts, or six times that of Daventry, the most powerful English station, and is more than ten than WGY, Schenectady. The steel masts that bear the antenna are nearly 700 feet high. In all northern, middle, and part of Western Germany, the Zeesen station can be heard with ordinary crystal sets, and in the rest of Germany with the simplest of receivers. As long wave-length—from two to three thousand metres—is used.

Nature's Hot-Water Tap.

A newly-tapped hot spring at Niederbreisig, on the bank of the Rhine between Bonn and Coblenz, maintains an uninterrupted gush of hot water, richly impregnated with carbonic acid gas. It is the biggest geyser of its kind in Europe.

Good In Reverse.

The dragon-fly has the ability to fly backward at the same speed as forward.

TOOTH TROUBLES.

Teeth and Gums Will Be Good If Diet Is Right.

So long as the diet is normal it is impossible to cause caries of teeth or pyorrhea by stimulating fermentation in the mouth, or by feeding, or injecting the bacteria of caries.

This strong statement is found in the twelfth of a series of letters to the Dental Digest, written by Dr. R. Howe. Dr. Howe is of the Forsythe Dental Infirmary in Boston, which position he has had exceptional opportunities for study and observation.

Putting it another way, he says cavities cannot form in teeth and the gums cannot develop that important disease, pyorrhea, if the diet is as it should be. Dr. Howe favors keeping the teeth and mouth clear. He would have us continue all necessary washing and brushing, but thinks there should be some change in our diet.

He diet he advises consists principally of milk, fruits and green vegetables.

The prevention of the tooth troubles of the child should begin with the diet of the expectant mother. Early all the first set of teeth and some of the permanent set are formed at the time of birth. The period of formation of a tooth is much more important than the period of eruption. Prevention through proper dieting is important in the earlier years of childhood.

One of the points made by the men who hold this opinion is that the most important factor in tooth decay is poor quality in the tooth structure. Fine, microscopic studies of the teeth sometimes show faulty structure when the naked eye appearance indicates nothing wrong. However, the naked eye examination of teeth sometimes gives us a fair notion of their quality. The best teeth are yellowish in tint. The beautifully white or bluish white tooth are lacking in a something which makes for durability, strength and resistance to decay.

As has been said, Dr. Howe, while stressing the importance of diet in the prevention of tooth troubles, does not advise neglecting the cleanliness of the mouth.

Seaweed Not a Weed.

If "weed" is to continue as the name for a plant for which no use has been discovered, then seaweed will have to change its name.

After prolonged research, a process has been found in which seaweed is utilized in the production of algin and alginates. Algin is a substance similar to starch and gum arabic in its properties, but in many respects superior to either.

With a viscosity fourteen times that of starch and thirty-seven times that of gum arabic, it is of great advantage than starch in sizing and finishing fabrics, for it fills the cloth better, is tougher and more elastic, transparent when dry, and is not affected upon by acids. Algin will undoubtedly be used in dyeing and color printing and in the sizing and coating of paper.

Seaweed, too, has for some time been known as a source of iodine.

Seedless Persimmon.

The native American persimmon, which has long been an object of much local appreciation but has never been widely cultivated, is looked for a course of improvement which may put it into the class of highly desirable orchard fruits, says a Science Service bulletin.

According to a communication in the Journal of Heredity, a search is being made for promising trees that bear seedless fruits. Such specimens are known to occur occasionally in nature. Robert T. Morris, of Stamford, Conn., is undertaking to propagate seedless persimmons found in the northern part of the range of the species, and Dr. J. E. Cannaday of Charleston, West Virginia, will cultivate trees found in the south. The two men invite anyone who knows of a seedless persimmon tree to correspond with them.

CITY OF COPENHAGEN

DANES POSSESS WEAKNESS FOR BICYCLE.

City Is Mostly Influenced by American Ideas — Newspapers Set the Pace—Cafes Close at Midnight—A Swedish Legend.

Denmark may be considered the centre, the heart so to speak, of the three small countries which bear the common name of Scandinavia, writes Alumni, Hebrew author and traveller, in the Toronto Star Weekly. Life there goes on at a speedier rate; the average pulse beats faster and stronger. It may be because Denmark, even though a northern country, has more sunshine through the year than her sister countries, Sweden and Norway. The average Dane is more lively, more temperamental, than the sedate, somewhat phlegmatic Swede or the cold snowy Norwegian, who knows but his village, his mountains and his sea. These countries have given themselves the following classification: Sweden, for the so-called aristocracy of Scandinavia; Norway, for pious peasantry; and Denmark, for the merchant class of Scandinavia.

Copenhagen, the capital of Scandinavia, is the centre. It is like a small boiling cauldron. Everything is attracted to Copenhagen. In spite of the fact that it is nearer the larger European centres like Berlin, Paris or even London, it is mostly influenced by America. Everything there is on the trail of Americanization, with the press setting the pace. Their advertizing is brought up-to-date, far in advance of most European countries.

Sweden is famous for its telephone lines, with telephones per each three persons; Norway for its skiers, where even children of four and five are seen gliding down the mountain slopes on Alaskan skis, and Denmark is known by its bicycles.

Every Copenhagen family has as many bicycles as there are members in that family. The Copenhagen Lifecycle to work, from work, shopping, visiting or just so for the sheer pleasure of it. The bicycle is everything, everywhere.

And so this life on wheels goes on in Copenhagen until about seven in the evening. At that hour all business ceases. Copenhagen is having its supper and everyone is eating at the same hour with the greatest punctuality. Then in the evening the population comes out in search of amusement, in the streets, in the parks, in the cafes, in the dance halls. The most interesting time of the evening is that of five minutes before midnight.

There is in Copenhagen a law forbidding anybody to enter a restaurant or cafe after midnight. The guests who find themselves inside the public places at midnight may remain there for their good time all through the night, but the proprietors of all the amusement places adhere to the letter of the law. They will strictly forbid entrance to new guests.

All the cafes and cabarets look their doors punctually at midnight. Those who fail to find a seat before midnight will be left high and dry outside with the last stroke of the clock remain outside, lonely and sad. One may be only a moment late — the doorman is always there with the key. No latecomer begs, entreats, but with no results. This "fatal" hour is to be felt in the street cars, in the streets, wherever the amusement-thirsty will push, chase in their mad rush towards the restaurants and dance halls.

Denmark is a very free country. The Danes have their own king and queen. They have many historical and art museums which show the Danes' sensitiveness to cultural values. Their greatest pride is in the fact that it was in their midst that the Danish prince Hamlet, the hero of Shakespeare, immortalized in his great work, lived and died. His palace is preserved to this day.

The city of Helsingor lies at the sea shore at the Swedish border, within an hour and a half ride from Copenhagen. There is Hamlet's palace and grave. An old partly renovated castle, surrounded by trees. I was shown the room supposed to have been that of the queen mother in which Claudius' ghost appeared to Hamlet.

They can even show you the exact spot where Hamlet died, and there is a vault where he lies buried still.

Not far from Helsinger the hospitable Danes have erected a statue to the old runaway Empress of Russia, Maria Flodorowna. Here she lives in exile, in a small palace in a forest country estate. She is flanked by her days with one faithful servant, an old Don Cossack, who in his old Cossack uniform is ever ready to kiss the hand of the ex-great imperial majesty of all the Russians.

After examining this historical castle, I continued my wanderings, and in a few hours arrived at about Copenhagen. In a small park at the harbor I stop at a monument, which represents a young woman, her long hair flying in the wind, driving three oxen harnessed to a plough. A Danish legend tells us the following story:

An old Swedish king had a very beautiful daughter. All great princes came to woo her, but she refused them all. She was not made to live in kingly splendor and in luxury. She went to war with her father and showed great heroism. After many great victories she returned to her country where she left her father's palace and went out to live among the plain people. She wandered about until she came to the spot where the monument now stands. There she settled to till the earth like a common peasant. So goes the legend about the Danish princess. It is hard to tell whether the legend is based on fact, still here it is, the monument to the peasant woman of royal descent.

New Short Route to Rouyn.

The Canadian Pacific Express Co. has extended its service into the new gold field of northwestern Quebec, reaching Rouyn over the recently completed extension of the Nipissing Central Railway. This extension provides a new and short route into the rapidly developing mining area.

Flax Growing In Nova Scotia.

A record in flax growing was made last year on thirty acres in Lunenburg when 12,000 pounds were produced. A larger acreage will be devoted to this plant this year.

"Extra Quality that makes its Low Price all the more Amazing"

OF course, you recognize the quality of the New Series Pontiac Six the moment you see it.

In the rich color harmonies of its smart Fisher bodies you find all the distinguishing marks of the quality car.

But Pontiac quality extends far beyond mere outward appearance.

Get in the New Series Pontiac and feel the power of that sturdy six-cylinder engine . . . the easy-riding comfort of the Lovejoy Shock-Absorbers . . . the safe, smooth action of the Pontiac four-wheel brakes.

Examine the car in detail. Here are refinements beyond all your expectations of a car at Pontiac price . . . extra quality that makes Pontiac's low price all the more amazing.

P-1128-S

Ask your dealer about the G.M.A.C., Deferred Payment Plan which makes buying easy.

LOVEJOY SHOCK ABSORBERS
NEW FISHER BODIES
NEW GMR CYLINDER HEAD
NEW FUEL PUMP
NEW CRANKCASE VENTILATION
NEW CARBURETOR
NEW STOPLIGHT

FOUR-WHEEL BRAKES
NEW CROSS-FLOW RADIATOR
NEW THERMOSTAT
NEW INSTRUMENT PANEL
NEW COINCIDENTAL LOCK
NEW DASH
GASOLINE GAUGE

The New Series PONTIAC SIX

ROBT. McFARLAND,
Dealer, - Napanee, Ont.

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS OF CANADA, LIMITED

GERMANY'S AIM.

First Passenger Airship Service Over Atlantic.

"LZ127 will be ready about four months before the first British airship."

Such is the reply that comes from Friedericksbaven, on the shores of Lake Constance, to Commander Burney's recent statements as to the dramatic race now in progress between Britain and Germany for the carrying out of the first passenger airship flight across the Atlantic.

Dr. Eckner, who, with money raised by public subscription, is responsible for the construction of Germany's supership further is quoted as having said:

"The work has made such progress we can reckon on the completion of LZ127 by the beginning of May."

If this estimate is realized, it is expected that, after the minimum possible number of trial flights over the continent, the new Zeppelin will make its first aerial voyage across the Atlantic in August next. It is planned to continue the journey from North to South America without an intermediate landing.

LZ127 has a gas capacity of 105,000 cubic metres and will be able to cover 3,750 miles without having to land. Given favorable weather conditions it expects to make the North Atlantic crossing in from 60 to 80 hours, and the crossing to Buenos Ayres, South America, in from 90 to 100 hours.

The claim for the Zeppelin's speed and radius of action is largely based on a revolutionary method of fuelling, designed to reduce the weight which must be carried for this purpose. The airship motors are to be fuelled with a new gas mixture no heavier than air which will be stored in great quantities in compartments in the body of the airship. It is claimed that by this method, for long voyages, a dead weight of 30,000 kilograms will be saved.

Day and night shifts are working at Friedericksbaven, and Commander Burney's statements have intensified the efforts being made with a view to Germany winning the dramatic race for the first passenger airship flight across the Atlantic.

Grandiose Highway.

Town planning and extension of Paris to the northwest will be given an impetus if the ambitious scheme receiving consideration is carried through of building a motor road from Nanterre to Carrieres-sur-Seine. The distance between the two places is 14 miles.

The project is to construct a straight avenue seventy-five yards wide having two one-way motor roads, two tracks for cycles, footpaths for pedestrians, flower beds strung along like pearls and under the roadway a subway.

France has good motor roads, certainly the best on the continent, says the Christian Science Monitor, but nothing of the character of the one now proposed.

Mechanical Chess Player.

An amazing "mechanical man" that plays chess and automatically responds to the moves made by its human opponent has been invented by a Spanish mathematician.

Almost human in its actions, it can even detect an opponent if he attempts to cheat, for it stops working as though disgusted with the player.

Although this automaton cannot play a full game of chess, it works perfectly with half the usual number of chessmen on the board.

Here and There

(32)

Work on the Royal York, new hotel of the Canadian Pacific Railway in Toronto, is ten days ahead of schedule and there is now every probability that it will be completed by May 1, next year. There are 395 feet above the sidewalk, being the tallest building in the British Empire.

A. Allerton has been appointed general manager of hotels and bungalow camps east of Port William, operated by the Canadian Pacific Railway; and H. F. Mathews, general manager of hotels and bungalow camps from Fort William to the Pacific. The appointments were consequent on the death of C. E. E. Usher, late general passenger traffic manager of the railway.

Palle Huld, 15-year-old Danish boy, who is travelling round the world in 46 days, passed through Montreal and the east of Canada recently on his way to Vancouver, whence he will sail by Canadian Pacific All-Red route to Yokohama. The exploit is in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Jules Verne, whose book "Round the World in 80 Days," has always been a favorite with boys.

Fort William.—Elevator capacity at Fort William will probably total 100,000,000 bushels by 1930. Present storage capacity of the twin cities is recorded as 72,540,000 bushels and between 9,000,000 and 10,000,000 bushels will be added before the 1928 crop is garnered. Expansion in the following two years will take about 20,000,000 bushels, one of the largest terminal building projects either in the history of the lakehead ports or any of the other centres of the continent.

Winnipeg.—So many applications have been received from Eastern Manitoba to engage the services of youths who are being sent out from Great Britain under the Boy Immigration scheme, that the Provincial Government has requested the authorities to increase the number from 50 to 100. Hon. Edward Prefontaine, Minister of Agriculture, stated that 175 farmers have filed applications for boy help. It is expected that the first batch of youthful immigrants will reach Manitoba late in March.

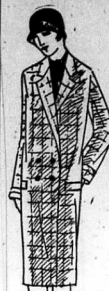
Substantial reductions in express charges on packages up to 15 lbs. in weight originating in Europe and with Canadian destination have been announced by the Canadian Pacific and Canadian National Express companies. These cuts run as high as $1.77 and for the purpose of the change Canada has been divided into three zones, Maritime Provinces and Quebec; Ontario; and Prairie Provinces and British Columbia. Within these zones charges are the same no matter how widely separated points within them may be.

Wetaskiwin.—Wetaskiwin district has the distinction of being the home of a Shorthorn cow which holds the record for all Canada in the production of milk and butterfat as a three-year-old. She is owned by J. O. Harvey in the northwestern part of the city, and a letter from Ottawa advises that the production of this cow has never been excelled in Canada. Gladys No. 206699 produced 10,504 lbs. of milk and 509 lbs. of butter fat in a test extending over 305 days. She is now undergoing her test as a four-year-old and is averaging about 58 lbs. of milk a day.

Spring Fashions that spell Easter Smartness for 1928

Are You Fully Prepared ?

Featuring New Coats for Easter



Authoritative Versions of the Mode Selected with our characteristic skill which places Emphasis on Style and Value.

Coats in strictly tailored modes—fine Tweed Coats for sports and street wear—formal Coats distinguished by exquisite tailoring and fine fabrics.

BECOMING STYLES FOR WOMEN, MISSES' AND JUNIORS

New collar lines—Fur on cuffs only—Throw Scarfs—Insets of satin or self—Tucking—Pleats—Stitching—Color Combinations—Fur on collars only—Superb materials—Excellent tailoring—such are but a few of the important fashion details presented in this extensive showing.

Prices range from

$10.95 to $44.50.

SELECTIVE PREPAREDNESS

Never have we opened a season with as many Coats. Featured are coats to fit every figure type—Coats to satisfy every color requirement—Coats within reach of every pocket-book.

Great and varied as this assemblage is—we urge immediate selection.

Choice Smartness in Coats for the Junior Miss

Answering every youthful requirement for Spring. With just the touch of originality and individuality that makes the wearer admired. Tailored and dress coats, fashioned of Tricotine, Poiret Twill, Tweeds and Kasha. Fur-trimmed or fur-less, and in all colors.

Sizes 13 to 19 years.

Women's Coats at $27.50 and Less offer Excellent Choice

Truly a remarkable collection of smart coats, assembled especially for the women of conservative taste and limited means. Come smartly fashioned from reliable quality Poiret Twills and Tricotines. Many of them crepe lined and trimmed with collars of grey mole.

Each depicts several important features of the Spring mode.

Smart Gloves Are Exceedingly Important

Slip on styles are very much approved by Fashion authorities for Spring wear, but you must be sure that they are of proper cut and exquisite finish. There are correct styles and colors for sports, street and afternoon wear.

Whether gloves match the hose or harmonize with frock or suit is a matter of personal preference.

Complete Spring and Easter assortments are obtainable at our Glove counters.

Our staff will gladly co-operate in making fashionable selections.

Men's Smart Clothes for Spring

It's time you were making selections

Most men like new clothes for Easter—but it's human to delay. Take a few moments off to look over our new Spring assortments. We'll be economical with your time and with your pocket-book.

Men's Made-to-Measure Suits

We do not believe you will find anywhere a more delightful assortment than our Sring range of Men's Suitings. It embraces everything from plain Navy to striking plaids and stripes.

When you have chosen your pattern and style, you can safely leave the rest to us, because each and every suit carries a complete guarantee for perfect fit and best possible tailoring.

Orders received now will be delivered for Easter.

Boys' Two Bloomer Suits Special Easter Value $10 Suit

An unusually low price for suits of such appearance. Suits manufactured from smartly patterned Tweeds in grey and brown mixed colorings. These suits have been carefully tailored in the most approved manner of the season.

Sizes 27 to 32.

Boys' Fox Serge Reefers--Navy $4.00 Each

These are well tailored from Navy Blue Serge of the celebrated Fox brand Well made reefers with brass buttons and with emblem on the sleeve. These make excellent spring top-coats.

Sizes 3 to 9 years.

Our Men's Top Coats will do Three Things

Look after your personal comfort.
Look after your personal appearance.
Protect your cheque-book.

In a nutshell that's about all you can expect a coat to do.

Of course our selection is varied enough to provide for individual choice in colors and materials.

You'll want to slip on a new top-coat about Easter time—so why not make your selection at once.

Sizes to fit everyone.

Priced from $15.00 to $24.50.

The Proper Hat will Subtly Accentuate Your Appearance

No Spring costume is complete without at least one new Easter Hat. And such hats, triumphs in new feminine lines and colors. A dramatic curve here—a subtle cut there—flowers used in gay profusion—combinations of materials.

Never has our Easter assortments been more in harmony with the spirit of the times. They come from our best Canadian manufacturers and feature the most important successes of New York and Paris designers.

Special attention has been given to sizes—everyone can be fitted.

Priced from $2.69 to $12.50.

Charming Spring Dresses

Choose Them for Easter Wear

Priced from $13.95 to $47.50

Pay any price you wish, for here are the most adorable dresses—dresses to suit your every requirement from sun-up to sun-down. Dresses fashioned from two of Spring's most successful materials, fine, heavy crepes or sheerest georgettes. Every successful Fashion headline is represented in this collection. Every prominent new color considered correct is obtainable.

Dresses in one, two and three-piece styles.

Dresses with tiered, pleated or draped skirts.

Dresses in tailored modes with colored vestees.

Dresses with lace combinations.

Dresses stressing the new vogue for bows and scarfs.

Dresses with horizontal and sunburst pin tucking.

Scarfs Come In Delightful Colorings--Oblong or Square

A colorful scarf will work wonders with your Easter wardrobe, whether it be brand new or one you are making do.

Every conceivable color scheme is obtainable in this colorful Easter-time assemblage.

Priced from $1.75 to $4.95.

New Spring Styles in Biltmore Hats, Are in

Every man is entitled to at least one new hat a season. Most men don't realize just how shabby "The Old Lid is" until its along side a new Biltmore.

And the new Biltmore is just that far ahead of other makes. It's fashioned after the most successful style lines, it's there when it comes to real smart appearances. It has the quality too, you never had greater quality for your money.

Well dressed men everywhere in Canada favor this splendid Canadian hat. Try one on when choosing your Spring wardrobe.

All shapes $5.00 each.

Quality—
Value—
Service—

Canadian Department-Stores Limited

Exclusive Styles
Dependable Materials
Generous Assortments

PERSONALS

(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column).

Mrs. Frank Bell is visiting her parents at Stratford.

Mrs. Florence Smith is spending the week in Toronto.

Mrs. Harry Skitch is visiting her parents in Cobourg.

Mr. Jas. E. Herring, Toronto, is in Napanee for a few days.

Mrs E. J. Pendell, Watertown, N.Y., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Walter Cranston.

Mr. Arthur Powell, Montreal, spent last week with his mother, Mrs. Katherine Powell.

The Misses Preston have returned from spending the winter with their sister, Mrs. Russell, Baileyboro.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Ming, Ottawa, are in Napanee attending his mother's funeral.

Mr. Clarence Hudson, Deseronto Road, has secured a position with General Motors, Oshawa.

Mr. Albert VanLuven, Prescott, is renewing acquaintances in Napanee for a few days.

Miss Sanderson and Miss Helen Hull spent the week-end in Peterborough.

Rev. Arthur McGreer, Lennoxville, Que., spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McGreer, Deseronto Road.

Mr. and Mrs. Carleton Woods returned to their home in Roblin on Thursday, after having spent the winter months in town.

Miss Nina Wilson, Sexsmith, is in Kingston General Hospital, with blood poison in her hand.

Mrs. Harry Bristol underwent an operation for appendicitis in the Kingston General Hospital on Friday.

Miss Muriel Paul, of Hamilton, and Mrs. Robert Holland, Port Nelson, motored down to Elm Lodge on Friday evening to personally congratulate their father, Mr. A. E. Paul, on the occasion of his birthday, returning on Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Tate, Centreville, announce the engagement of their daughter, Emma May, to Mr. Wilbert Karl Huggins, son of Mr. Joseph Huggins and the late Mrs. Huggins, South Monaghan, the marriage to take place on Wednesday, April 11th.

BIRTHS

Hawley—At Napanee, on Thursday, March 22nd, 1928, to Mr. and Mrs. Bertram F. Hawley, a daughter.

MARRIAGES

Foster—Bruton—On March 17th, 1928, at St. George's Anglican Church, Toronto, by the Rev. P. J. Dykes, George M. D. Foster, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Foster, to Marion M., youngest daughter of Mr. W. C. Bruton, Kingston.

DEATHS

Bell—At Morven, on Tuesday, March 27th, 1928, Sarah E. Bell, widow of the late John A. Bell, aged 71 years.

Clark—At Napanee, on Friday, March 23rd, 1928, Victoria May Clark, beloved wife of Mr. Arthur Clark, aged 54 years, 4 months.

Ming—At Napanee, on Monday, 26th, 1928, Emma Katherine Duckworth, beloved wife of Dr. E. Ming, aged 68 years, 5 months. Funeral services at Grace United Church on Thursday afternoon, at 2.30 p.m.

THE MILLS HATCHERY.

Last Wednesday, Mar. 21st, we took off our first chicks, with a 61% hatch from 800 eggs set, the best tray givng us 73 fine, fluffy Rock chicks, from 96 eggs set, or 76% hatch. These eggs were all laid in February and as hatches this early in the season are considered good giving 50%, we feel justified in saying that you can make no mistake in letting us do your hatching for you. We have capacity for 36,000 eggs and can handle any number you desire to set, but as our space is being rapidly filled up, let us suggest that you order YOUR space early.

We can supply you chicks from blood tested hens. Let us have your order now.

The Mills Hatchery, Napanee. 18-a

Wall Finishes.

Mureseo for your walls and ceilings, also Alabastine, a satisfactory cold water finish.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

HEALTH SERVICE OF THE CANADIAN WOMEN'S WORK

CANADIAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

CRIPPLED CHILDREN.

There is nothing that touches the heart of humanity as much as the sight of crippled children. There is always a willingness to do what is possible to lighten the burden of their affliction and to brighten their lives. This is a commendable spirit as it gives evidence of man's regard for those who are not so fortunate as he is himself. There is also behind it the feeling that every child should have a chance in this world.

It is unfortunate that, to the majority of people, a crippled child is one who is deformed physically or who has lost part of a limb. These make up only part of the group. The child who has a damaged heart or whose organs are deficient in any way is just as much a cripple as is the child whose bones are twisted.

It is right and just that suitable and extra attention should be provided for these crippled children. Because of their handicap, they need special care and guidance in their education.

While this is true, our chief concern should be to prevent any child from becoming crippled and, as a result, handicapped in life's venture. It is a fact that the conditions of many of these children could have been prevented by care and proper treatment at the right time.

Many damaged hearts result from diseased tonsils and teeth, which are not properly and promptly treated. Much permanent damage results from such diseases as scarlet-fever and measles.

If we wish to protect our Canadian children, then it is our responsibility to support the work of health departments and health organizations which seek to prevent the conditions that cripple children; which bring to the attention of parents the need for early and proper treatment: and which seek to spread knowledge concerning prevention.

Questions concerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College St., Toronto, will be answered. Questions as to diagnosis and treatment will not be answered.

CANADIAN WOMEN'S WORK

BY LUCINDA.

Empire Shopping Week in Canada will this year be observed from April 21st to 28th. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, has consented to act as a patron and the Hon. James Robb, Minister of Trade and Commerce, is acting as Hon. President. The movement has been endorsed by the Canadian Chamber of Commerce and the women's societies represented on the advisory committee by their presidents are the National Council of Women in which most of the women's organizations are affiliated and the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire. The main idea is to stimulate the purchase and sale of Empire produce in Canada. Produced in Canada is produced in the Empire and in all buying and selling Canada should come first. To bring this nearer home, buying in our own town is being stressed. When it is possible to buy at home it is the best policy to do so even at the extra expense of a few cents. We want to be able to purchase good things at home and we cannot expect our merchants to stock their shops with first class articles unless they find a sale for them. If we live in the rural districts we want the people of the nearest town to buy our produce on the market or in the stores. Is it quite fair to send to even large Canadian cities, much less across the border, for our clothes, our food and our furniture ?Think it out yourself and try during Empire Shopping Week at any rate, to buy goods made within the Empire, and if possible, at home.

When there is an Empire film at the movies go to see it. We hear that ninety per cent. of the films shown are made in the United States. The move to have an Empire exchange of films is being developed and all winter at Trenton, movie stars have been working to give us good pictures, "Made in Canada."

A great deal of interest in educational circles is being shown in the appeal made by Mr. J. G. Elliott, of Kingston, before the educationalists gathered at the meeting of the Urban School Trustees held recently in Toronto, to return to a more simple education for the children in the public schools. Mr Elliott feels that many of the novelties introduced into the schools have been done so at the requests of organizations that are trying to make the school do the work that is being neglected by the home. He stands for the "Three R's" as the basis of a sound education, and says that as only thirteen per cent of the pupils are of a purely intellectual type that will benefit by the extras, the remaining eighty-seven per cent should be prepared by the thorough grounding in the essentials to take positions in business life and by their accuracy in spelling, by their knowledge of the language they speak and write and by their ability to do the arithmetic necessary for their calling to be efficient in whatever position they take. Everyone will not agree with Mr. Elliott, but those who know him as an editor, as a school trustee, the chairman of the school board, the president of the Urban School Trustees and the president of the Ontario Educational Association, will be sure that he knows whereof he speaks and that the danger must be real before one so optimistic about the youth of Canada, would take the stand he took in Toronto.

How pleasant it is to meet people with really good manners. The girl who sells you goods, the pleasant voice that answers the telephone, the hostess who makes you feel that you are the most welcome of guests, how we do like to meet them. For the most part good manners are based on consideration of others and kindliness and thoughtfulness. The person who rushes up to two acquaintances on the street or at a tea and begins to talk to the one who is especially interested in something she is full of, and hardly notices the other person, is frequently met. She does not mean to be rude, but she is so full of her own affairs that she forgets to be courteous. Think this out, and look for another hint next week.

The children are bringing in pussy willows from the woods and soon these harbingers of spring will be sold on the markets to decorate our homes and the tea tables at Easter teas. But be sure you gather the glaucous willow, the trees that so often grow along the edge of streams, whose branches are already showing a touch of yellow. Often we see almost every kind of branch that shows cased buds, sold as pussy willows. But the wise folk know the difference for they have gathered them when as children they went searching for catkins. If the buds are pretty well out, don't put the stems in water, for they will come out too much and your dainty woolly buds will be gone.

We have heard of several tea rooms and depots for work that will be opened along the highways at our suggestion. There is another idea that may appeal to our readers. If you ever motored through Quebec you will have seen the rugs that are for sale, hanging in a line near the house and showing themselves off to the passing motorist. We recently heard of a little inn near Three Rivers, where the landlady sold rugs and quilts as a side line. There is money in it, but the articles must be well made, or the women of Ontario will never gain the reputation for their provinces that Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick have won by their handicrafts.

Sandwiches are always needed, and often in a hurry. Did you ever try those made of the yolks of hard boiled eggs mixed with mayonnaise dressing till of the thickness of cream, spread on one side and anchovy paste spread on the other ? A lettuce leaf or a few chopped olives can be added with advantage. Cut off the crusts and place the squared pieces together in a cool place until needed. Then cut in finger sandwiches. You can make half of them with brown bread if you like, the combination is pretty.

A LONDON TRIBUTE.

The extent to which Canadians rely upon the telephone is a matter of surprise to visitors from the old country. The London Daily Express recently carried an article by a correspondent who stated that "in Canada, practically everyone (except the unskilled labourer) has the telephone."

To judge from statements in the annual report of the Bell Telephone Company, even the exception for the humbler walks of life is hardly as important as the English correspondent intimates. Over sixty per cent. of the 668,383 Bell telephones in Ontario and Quebec at the end of 1927 were in homes. Few Canadians, no matter what their circumstances in life, feel that home is complete without the service which in Canada, as the English paper remarks, is "admirable, efficient and inexpensive."

FOR 9 YEARS GAS RUINED HER SLEEP

"I had stomach trouble 9 years, and gas made me restless and nervous. Adlerika helped so I can eat and sleep good."—Mrs. E. Touchstone. Just ONE spoonful Adlerika relieves gas and that bloated feeling so that you can eat and sleep well. Acts on BOTH upper and lower bowel and removes old waste matter you never thought was there. No matter what you have tried for your stomach and bowels, Adlerika will surprise you. Wallace's Drug Store.

A small Ad. in the "Want" column in the Napanee Express will bring results.

DAVY & ALLISON

Plumbing, Furnace Work, Tinsmiths.

Hardware, Paints and Oils. Stoves, and Furnaces.

DAVY & ALLISON,
Next to Oaton's.

WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE, The Great English Preparation, Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in old Veins. Used for Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despondency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory. Price $2 per box, 3 for $5. Sold by all druggists, or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. A New pamphlet mailed free. THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT.

23-1-y